

APRIL 9, 1881

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 593.—Vol. XXIII.

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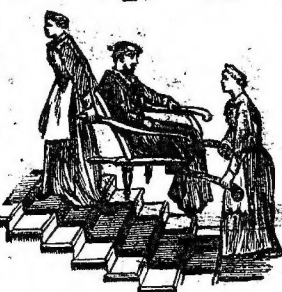
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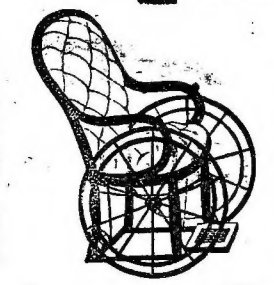
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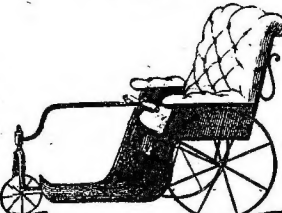


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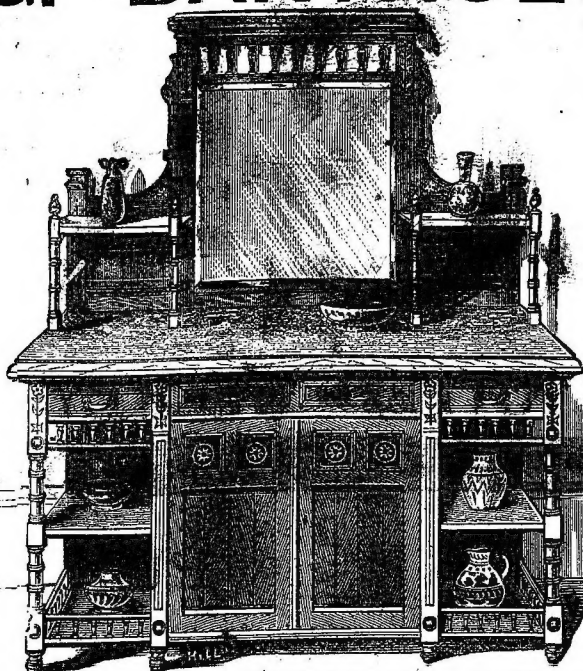
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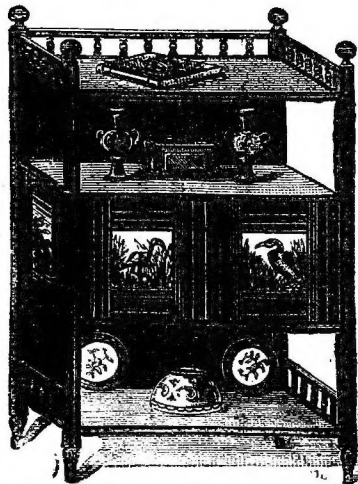
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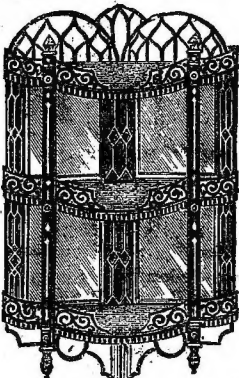
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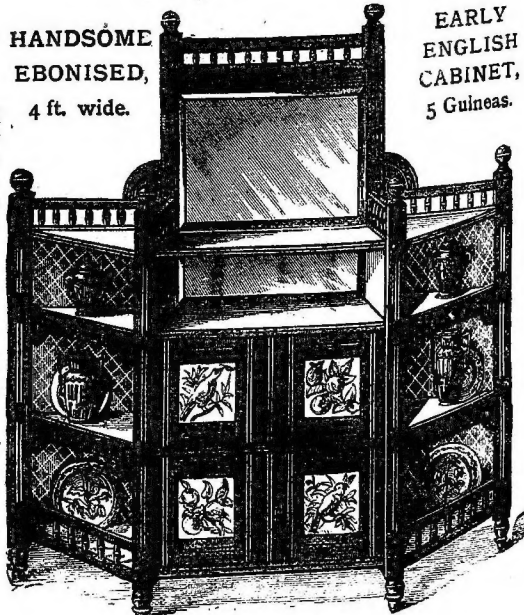
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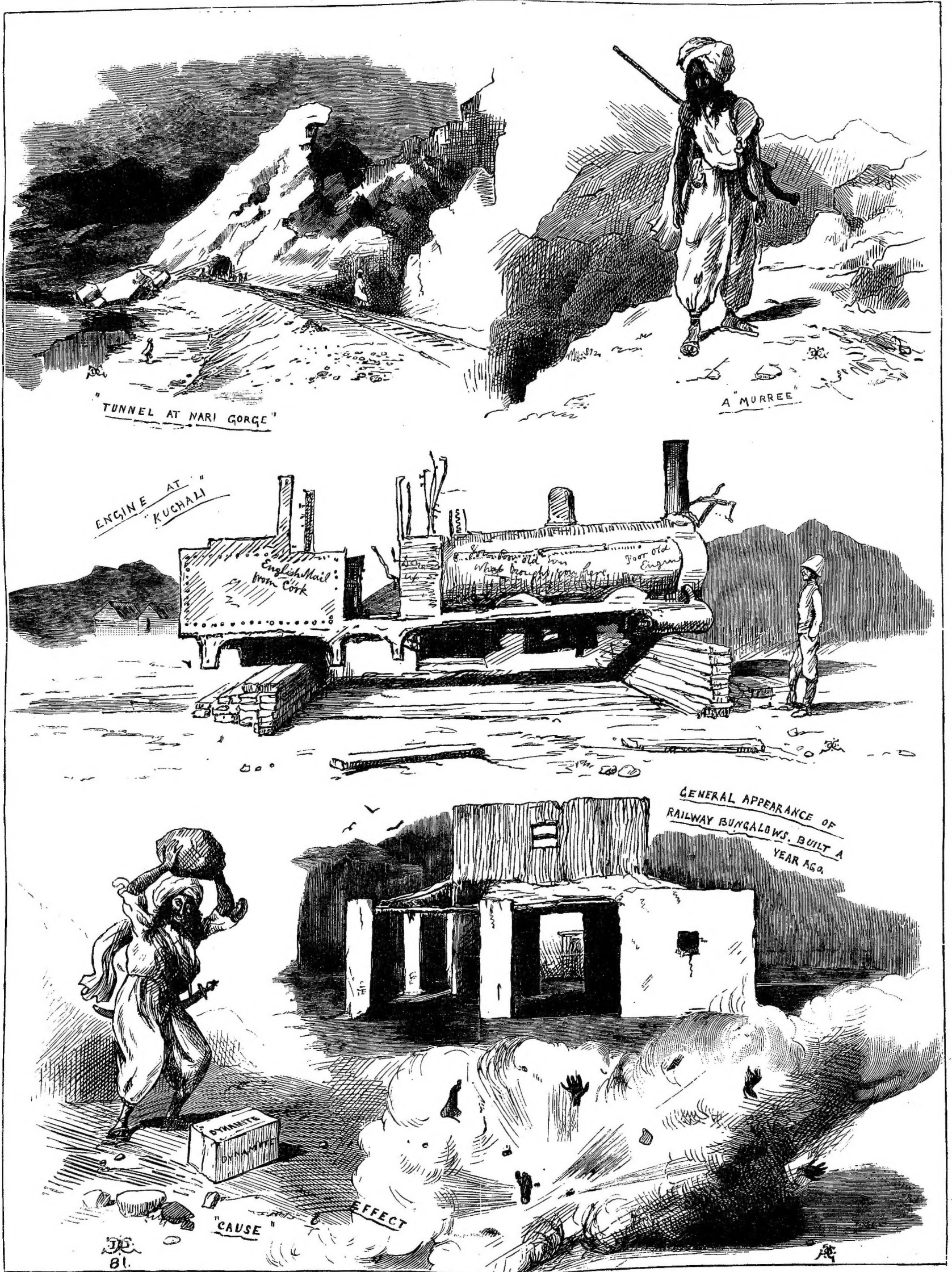
THE GEOGRAPHIC

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THE SURRENDER OF CANDAHAR—SKETCHES ON THE PROPOSED STATE RAILWAY, NOW ABANDONED

Topics of the Week

CAN WE SATISFY IRELAND?—This question is being asked at present by every Englishman who gives serious attention to politics, and it must be confessed that those who give a negative answer have a good deal to say for themselves. At any rate nothing that has yet been done for Ireland seems to have had much effect in pacifying the discontented portion of the population. The Disestablishment of the Irish Church was regarded merely as a concession which ought to have been made long before; and the anti-rent agitation affords the most authoritative view of the temper in which the Land Act of 1870 was received. Still, it would hardly be worthy of a country like England to assume that even the task of pacifying Ireland is beyond her power. If, indeed, it were certain that the majority of Irishmen will never be satisfied without the Repeal of the Union, or without Home Rule, we might well despair of overcoming their hostility; for the maintenance of the Imperial Parliament, essentially in its present form, is (as Englishmen believe) not less necessary for the welfare of Ireland than for that of Great Britain. But it may be questioned whether many Irishmen would continue to demand a separate Parliament if they were tolerably well-off. After all, the number of persons who interest themselves much in matters of high policy is always very limited; and farmers who were secure of the tenure of their land, and who had to pay only a fair rent, would, we may be sure, in most instances leave the agitation for Home Rule to spouters and secretaries. England has now an unrivalled opportunity of satisfying every genuine Irish grievance; and when Mr. Gladstone's Bill has passed through the ordeal of a searching criticism, we may hope that there will be a better prospect of a good understanding between the two countries than at any previous period of their history.

OUR ANNUAL BALANCE SHEET.—Mr. Gladstone's financial statement on Monday evening did not contain the startling revelations which had been predicted by so many of his admirers, but it was a plain, straightforward picture of the nation's financial position, set forth with that masterly talent for figures which has always distinguished him as the greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer of the age. He has, as was expected, taken the extra penny off the Income Tax, which he raised last year as a "temporary loan," has remedied a small grievance by announcing the gradual reduction of the Silver Plate duty, has formulated a plan for the more speedy reduction of the National Debt, and has begun that revision of the "Death Duties" which has long been one of his favourite schemes. That small inheritors will be enabled to avoid the worry and expense of going to the Probate Court, and to establish their claim at the nearest Revenue Office for a small fee, will be regarded as a great boon by a large class of persons whose inheritance is frequently lessened by the inexorable lawyer's bill. Considerable time and trouble, also, will be saved to more wealthy legatees by his proposal to authorise the whole of the probate and legacy duty due under a will to be paid at one time. The most striking feature of Mr. Gladstone's statement, however, was the desponding view which he appeared to take of England's future. He remarked that while since 1842 there has been a relatively greater increase of expenditure than of income, the latter had nevertheless steadily continued to grow until within the last few years. Since 1878, however, the revenue has actually gone back, while the expenditure has continued to advance. He illustrated this by the fact that a penny imposed on the Income Tax now brought less to the revenue than it did in 1878. When the increase of population is taken into account, therefore, the inference remains that we have reached the apex of our producing powers, and must now rather look forward to retrogression than to advancement.

INCREASED NATIONAL EXPENDITURE.—Mr. Gladstone has been taken to task by a good many critics for his gloomy view as to the state of public wealth, and there is some reason to believe that our prospects are not quite so bad as he anticipates. His statement as to the increase of national expenditure, however, cannot be called in question. Here he was dealing with plain matters of fact, and he had nothing to say on the subject that had not already attracted the notice of many observers. For years past the demands on the revenue have been steadily becoming more formidable. There has been much exceptional expenditure for petty wars; and the policy of the last Government rendered it necessary to spend large sums on measures which were supposed to be of a strictly precautionary nature. But altogether apart from these unusual claims, the work of administration has been accomplished at a constantly advancing cost. It used to be the custom to throw the blame on the Tories, who were said to be extravagant by some inherent defect of disposition; but this explanation must be abandoned, since Mr. Gladstone himself, most economical of Chancellors, has found it impossible to resist the cry from the various departments for more money. The question is a very serious one, and will have to be investigated by and by thoroughly and resolutely. According to some authorities, the evil is due to sheer mismanagement; and this will doubtless account for more waste than would be tolerated in any other European country. But must we not go deeper in order to find the main cause?

The truth seems to be that Englishmen, without being quite aware of it, have for many years been silently changing their conception of the functions of Government. Formerly it was thought that the State should intervene as little as possible in matters affecting the lives and fortunes of citizens; but now we expect it to undertake a large number of duties for which private enterprise is believed to be inadequate. And most people appear to be rapidly extending their idea of the sphere within which the State may act with beneficial results. We do not at present inquire whether this tendency is good or bad; but obviously, as long as it lasts, it must be hopeless to expect any decrease of the national burdens.

THE TUNISIAN IMBROGLIO.—For a long time past a serious storm has been brewing in Tunisian waters owing to the mutual jealousy between France and Italy—each suspecting the other of dread designs upon the Bey's dominions, and each striving to thwart any attempt on the part of the other to secure a permanent footing. Italy having now completed her unity, and having spent large sums in monster guns and ironclads, not unnaturally aspires to be a first-rate Mediterranean Power. She by no means approves of the growing influence of France on the opposite Continent, and manifestly wishes to secure an eligible settlement on the African shore. France, on the other hand, has ever looked upon herself as the natural inheritor of the moribund North African principalities, and regards Italy as an unqualified interloper. The Rubattino Railway question caused great tension in the relations between the two nations, while, when England was drawn into the field by the Enfidu case, French patience appeared to be tried to the uttermost. Now, however, the French claim to have found an excuse for active interference. Some Arabs—Khroumirs,—who occupy a species of No-Man's Land between Algeria and Tunis, have made an inroad into French territory, and a punitive expedition has been at once organised, ostensibly against the marauders, but which popular rumour states is destined for greater things than the chastisement of a robber tribe. For some time past Germany has been quietly hinting that France would find a lucrative field in Northern Africa for her pent-up energies, and Prince Bismarck is credited with the design of making Tunis a species of safety-valve for the superabundant military ardour of his Gallic neighbours. Be this as it may, the news of the proposed expedition has aroused considerable excitement in Italy, while it has not been fervently received in England, where it is felt that for the safety of Egypt and our road to India, the balance of power in the Mediterranean must not be allowed to turn wholly to the advantage of one nation. Thus there are no lack of symptoms that yet another European crisis may arise, and moreover one in which we may find ourselves involved not merely as arbitrators, but as one of the parties actually concerned.

GREEK IMPATIENCE.—As yet Greece has not indicated the slightest intention of accepting the arrangement which has been made by the Porte and the Ambassadors at Constantinople. On the contrary, every Greek newspaper insists that compromise is impossible; and M. Koumoundouros acts as if his premature rejection of the Turkish proposals expressed the settled resolve of his Government. There has been no interruption of his military preparations, and it is significant that Greek agents have been trying in several capitals to secure the services of well-trained surgeons for the ambulances. It would be rash to assert that there is no fire behind all this smoke. That is more than can be said with confidence by any prudent observer; for the passions of the people of Greece have been strongly aroused by this question, and passion, as everybody knows, does not always jump with the promptings of self-interest. The Powers, however, will bring great pressure to bear on the Greek Government; and we must hope that they will succeed in preventing a struggle. Were the new frontier-line to be accepted, after all, there can be no doubt that there would be a change of Ministry at Athens; but that is a calamity which Europe, and Greece herself, would face without much misgiving. It would be a more serious matter if the people insisted on marking their disappointment by a change of dynasty. King George has so thoroughly associated himself with the popular demand that it would not be surprising if, in the event of failure, or comparative failure, he were held to be responsible. This would be a genuine misfortune for Greece, and might cause complications which would be a source of anxiety to all Europe. The fact that such an issue is at least possible will certainly not be without effect on Hellenic policy.

THE LOYAL BOERS IN THE TRANSVAAL.—To judge from the accounts to hand from South Africa, the news of the conclusion of peace with the Transvaal Boers does not seem to have been received with particular enthusiasm. We hear of Mr. Gladstone's effigy being burnt, of the British Lion being caricatured, of mourning bells being tolled, and of meetings being held to protest against the terms of settlement, while the natives are anything but complimentary in their comments. This was only to be expected, as the British colonists in the Cape had everything to gain and nothing to lose by a prolonged war, which could only have ended in their Dutch rivals being brought to their knees, and subjected to British authority. As it is they feel that the British have lost caste in proportion as the Boers have gained prestige by their military success. Time will doubtless remedy this, but a protest has arisen in another quarter

which calls for more serious attention, and will, we trust, meet with the justice it merits. When England annexed the Transvaal, and her authorities loudly declared that never would British rule be withdrawn, numbers of men trusting in British promises fixed their homes and their occupations in the Transvaal, and when the revolt broke out either left the country or refused to join the rising. Now it appears that the victorious Boers are taking prompt revenge upon these unfortunate people for their loyalty, treating them with considerable harshness, and threatening them with confiscation, and even death. Surely if we have taken so much pains to protect the natives from Boer aggression, these white men whose only crime has been loyalty to our sovereignty can claim no less at our hands. It is all very well for the Government to state in Parliament that "they have maintained, are maintaining, and will maintain the influence of Great Britain in South Africa," but such a peroration will be a vain piece of bombast if we permit men who have trusted to that influence to be robbed, persecuted, and driven from their homes. Deeds and not words are what they need, and, if justice be not accorded to them, the effect upon all "loyal" subjects in the next revolt against British authority, wherever it may occur, will, we should think, be the very reverse of encouraging. We hope, however, for the credit of our country, that when the "stipulations" sent out to our Commissioners are revealed some clause stipulating for the protection of those who remained loyal to our rule may be found amongst them.

PARLIAMENTARY QUESTIONING.—A good deal of attention has been given lately to the wretched waste of time which is caused in Parliament by the right of members to question Ministers. The practice is now assuming proportions which must soon render it imperative for the Government to do more than "take the subject into consideration." Nobody, we suppose, would wish that the right should be altogether abolished, for good service has often been done by the mere mention of a grievance in Parliament, and this is sometimes the most convenient way of obtaining information on matters of great public interest. On the other hand, it is intolerable that the House of Commons should be prevented from entering upon serious work by a number of busybodies who either want to be enlightened about trifles, or put questions which might be answered privately. Mr. Leake suggests that question and answer should be printed and put into the hands of members at the commencement of the sitting; and Mr. Arthur Arnold has proposed that the questions should be divided by the Speaker's authority into "local" and "general," the local questions being taken first, as private business is taken before public business. Both of these suggestions seem to be worthy of discussion; but probably, if the evil continues, it will be found that either the Speaker or some other authority must be invested with power to decide whether a question is or is not permissible. In the mean time it may be hoped that the force of public opinion will tend to keep the curiosity of inquisitive members within reasonable bounds.

THE RECENT BOATING DISASTER.—The opening of the boating season, and the numerous fatal accidents which were caused on the Thames by the sudden squall of last Saturday, has once more called attention to the reckless manner in which, during the summer, thousands of lives are endangered through the hiring of boats by people utterly incompetent to manage them. No one can walk along the bank of the river on a Saturday afternoon without being a witness of the extent of this evil. Men who have scarcely ever handled an oar in their lives, and who are utterly ignorant of the rule of the road, or what the word "current" means, save, perhaps, that it is something to pull against, are entrusted with light boats, and permitted to row wildly up and down the stream, imperilling not only their own lives, but the safety of every boat in their neighbourhood. The disaster of Saturday, due mainly to the suddenness and violence of the squall which lashed the river into curling waves, was in a great measure unavoidable, but surely some means might be found for lessening the normal evils of summer boating. It is useless to expect the men who let boats for hire, and who are anxious for a fare, to discriminate between good and bad oarsmen, but a few river police rowing up and down the narrowest and most frequented parts of the river, with strict instructions to maintain order, to promptly repress "larking," and to take charge of any crew who may appear to be hopelessly incompetent, would go far to lessen the risk of accident, and moreover render an afternoon's outing on the river far more agreeable than the trial of patience and temper that it is now in any district easily accessible from London. Another thing. We have established free schools for swimming, where any lad who wishes can learn how to keep himself afloat, but though in the large majority of cases a swimmer may escape being drowned, it is no easy matter for the best of swimmers to combat a swift stream, with his feet possibly encased in laced-up boots. Why should not schools for teaching the elementary principles of rowing and of managing a boat be established at comparatively low prices? At present a boy, unless he has the good fortune to belong to a riverside school, has to pick up his rowing by chance, and to learn to steer by rule of thumb. If any such means of regular instruction, could be organised, many a man who now can only wildly manipulate his oar in the air would speedily learn, if not to manage his boat gracefully, at all events to do so without danger to himself and to others.

APRIL 9, 1881

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,—"TYPE OF BEAUTY, III., From the Picture by G. D. LESLIE, R.A., exhibited in THE GRAPHIC GALLERY.—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 348 and 357.

THE GRAPHIC GALLERY, 190, STRAND, LONDON.

TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY,

ILLUSTRATED BY THE FOLLOWING ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARTISTS—

P. H. Calderon, R.A., Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., Arthur Hopkins, Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., G. D. Leslie, R.A., Edwin Long, A.R.A., P. R. Morris, A.R.A., C. E. Perugini, Marcus Stone, A.R.A., George A. Storey, A.R.A., L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., J. J. Tissot.

Jules Goupil (Chevalier of the Legion of Honour); Paul Baudry (Commander of the Legion of Honour, Member of the Institut); Gustave Jacquart (Chevalier of the Legion of Honour); Henri Levy (Chevalier of the Legion of Honour); Pierre Auguste Cot (Chevalier of the Legion of Honour); Carolus Duran (Officer of the Legion of Honour).

ALSO,

"DYING TO SAVE THE QUEEN'S COLOURS,"

THE DEATH OF LIEUTENANTS MELVILLE AND COGHILL, 24TH REGT.

AN EPISODE IN THE BATTLE OF INSANDLWANA,

Painted by Mr. C. E. FRIPP, Special Artist to "The Graphic" during the whole of the Zulu Campaign.

There is also Exhibited a choice selection of ORIGINAL WATER-COLOUR and BLACK and WHITE DRAWINGS, the Engravings from which have from time to time appeared in "THE GRAPHIC."

THE GALLERY IS OPEN DAILY FROM TEN TILL SIX.

Admission, including Illustrated Catalogue, ONE SHILLING.



LYCEUM.—THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM, April 16th.—

On Saturday, April 16th, will be presented, with New Scenery, Dresses, and Appearances, Mrs. Cowley's comedy, THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM. Doricourt, Mr. Irving; Letitia Hardy, Miss Ellen Terry; Miss Sophie Young, Mr. Howe, Mr. Te riss, Mr. Pinner, Mr. Elwood, Mr. Beaumont, &c. Preceded by Tennyson's Tragedy, THE CUP. Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office open from 10 to 5, under the direction of Mr. Hurst.—LYCEUM.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

CLOSED. Will Reopen Easter Monday, at 3 and 8, with a New First Piece, MANY HAPPY RETURNS, by Gilbert A'Beckett and Clement Scott. Music by Lionel Benson. A New Musical Sketch, OUR INSTITUTE, by Mr. Corney Grain, and a New Second Part, ALL AT SEA, by Arthur Law, Music by Corney Grain. Easter Monday and Tuesday, at 3 and 8. Wednesday and Friday, at 8; Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s., 5s. No fees. Booking Office now open from 10 to 6.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Proprietress, MRS. S. LANE. EVERY EVENING, at Seven, THE HARBOUR MASTER'S SECRET. Misses Adams, Newham; Messrs. Reynolds, Neary, Drayton, Bigwood. MAJOR MARIE ANN. Mrs. Lane; Miss Summers; Messrs. Newbould, Bigwood, Lewis. OLIVER TWIST. Miss Rayner, Messrs. J. B. Howe, Claremont, Hyde, Newman, Pitt.

CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL.—AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF MODERN PICTURES IN OIL AND WATER COLOUR, 1881.

NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS. The above Exhibition will OPEN in the WALKER ART GALLERY, on MONDAY, 9th September. The days for receiving pictures are from the 1st to the 13th of August, both inclusive. Forms, cards of particulars, and all information may be obtained on application to Mr. Charles Dyllal, curator, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, to whom all works of art, intended for exhibition, should be addressed. London Agent, Mr. James Bourlet, 17, Nassau Street, Middlesex Hospital.

JOSEPH RAYNER, Town Clerk,
Honorary Secretary.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS PICTURES BY BRITISH AND FOREIGN ARTISTS, including Professor Leopold Carl Muller's Picture, "An Encampment Outside Cairo," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOTT & SONS' GALLERY, 5, Haymarket. Admission One Shilling.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—FIFTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, at the SUFFOLK STREET GALLERIES, Pall Mall East, from 9 to 6 daily. Admission, 1s. THOS. ROBERTS, Secretary.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES BY ARTISTS OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOLS IS NOW OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket (next the Theatre). Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the GREAT MASTERS. Also Specimens of Reproductions in Chromo-lithography and Colour Printing, from the Paintings of the English, French, German, and Continental Schools. Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

DORIS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity," *The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION" with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. ALL EXPRESS AND ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual.

EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, and Ventnor, on April 13th, 14th, and 16th; also to Newport and Cowes on April 14th and 16th (1st, 2nd, and 3rd class).

PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS.—Leaving London Bridge and Victoria at 11.30 a.m., Thursday, April 14th. Returning from Paris by Night Service on any day up to and including Wednesday, April 27th. Fares, First Class, 36s.; Second Class, 27s.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY AND ON GOOD FRIDAY, a Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON.—The March Past of the Volunteers at the Grand Stand on the Brighton Race Course will take place soon after 2.0 p.m.

A SPECIAL FIRST CLASS EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Victoria Station for Brighton at 9.30 a.m. on Easter Monday, returning from Brighton the same day at 4.45 p.m., arriving at Victoria at 6.15 p.m.

Application for Tickets should be made at Victoria Station, or at the General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and at the Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, on and after April 9th. Fares—London to Brighton and Back, First Class, 17s. 6d.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, York Road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the conveyance of passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.:

The Company's General West End Booking Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, W. and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings (under the Grand Hotel), Trafalgar Square. Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus. Gage's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand. Caygill's Tourist Offices, 371, Strand (next Exeter Hall). Whiteley's, Westbourne Grove. Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C. Lettis and Co., King William Street, City.

* These Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, April 13, 14, and 16.

For full particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Time Books, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Branch Booking Offices. (By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

"THE GRAPHIC" IN PARIS

Can be obtained at THE GRAPHIC Office, where all information respecting Subscriptions and Advertisements will be given. 15, RUE BLEUE, PARIS.



SKETCHES ON THE CANDAHAR STATE RAILWAY

THESE sketches, sent by Lieutenant G. D. Giles, depict the present state of a portion of the Candahar State Railway which, after various vicissitudes, was practically abandoned last January. Lieutenant Giles writes:—

"In a short space of time, after the work had once begun among the desolation of the Murree Hills, signs of civilisation and the coming of the railway began to show themselves in the shape of bungalows, tunnels, embankments, cuttings, &c. A railway engine had been dragged by manual labour (for there were no rails down then) and at enormous cost to a place called Koochali, some forty miles from Sibi, and there it stood, the glory of the railway people and the wonder of the Hill-men, who occasionally came down to look at it, thinking it might be some deadly machine for purposes of war. When the Maiwand disaster took place, the line beyond Sibi was abandoned by us, and not only the line but treasure, bungalows, engine, and property of all kinds. The Hill-tribes, thinking very naturally that we were being driven out of the country at the points of Russian bayonets, so great was our hurry, promptly took possession of all the property left behind by us. When Ayoub Khan was defeated, and the Hurnai route again opened, the appearance of our belongings left behind was very different to what it had been at the time we abandoned them. All the wood work of the different bungalows had been torn down, and most forlorn they looked, with the sunshine streaming down on the floors for want of roofing to keep it out. The railway engine had had as much damage done to it as lay in the capabilities of the Murrees to inflict; but, it being of more solid and tough material than they knew how to deal with, bore patiently all their ill usage, with no further ill effects to it than the loss of some paint and wood-work, and the wrenching off of any lighter taps, &c., its feelings possibly being more hurt by the levity of the British soldiers, who afterwards took advantage of its deserted condition to write facetiously in chalk on it. The dynamite, which one of the Murrees, unluckily for himself, discovered, proved of a very different disposition under the ill-treatment which it received. For no sooner did the Murree, according to their general practice, begin to smash open the box with big stones, than it exploded, and nothing more worth speaking of was ever seen of that Murree again."

THE REVOLT IN THE TRANSVAAL

THE BATTLES OF SCHAINS HOOGE AND MAJUBA HILL

OUR engravings are from sketches by Captain R. C. Birkett, Assistant-Intelligence Officer to Headquarters, and show the nature of the ground and the relative positions of the Boer and British forces. The battle of Schains Hooget took place on February 8th. General Colley had started from Prospect Camp early in the morning, with about 500 men, including a detachment of the 60th Rifles, and six guns in order to restore the communications with Newcastle, which had been interrupted by a large body of Boers. Nothing was seen of the enemy until after the River Ingogo had been crossed, and the hill of Schains Hooget had been reached, where the scouts were perceived, and, after an exchange of shots, driven back. On our troops arriving at the summit the Boers were seen in force upon a rising ridge at a short distance. A 9-pounder was at once unlimbered, and fire was opened upon the Boers, who immediately rushed for shelter into a donga, and the Rifles, having lined the crest of the hill, kept up a smart fire until dusk. It was a rifle duel under cover. Our guns from time to time took part in it, but the enemy's fire was so severe that it was impossible to work the guns continuously, the men falling as soon as they stood up. With the exception of Lieutenant Parsons, who was wounded late in the day, every officer, driver, and gunner and horse in the battery were hit shortly after the action began. The guns were actually whitened all over with the marks of the bullets, the correspondent of the *Standard* states in his admirable account of the affair, and to stand up beside them was certain death. The enemy occasionally crept up to within 200 yards of the position, but never attempted a rush. The greater portion of the fighting was at a distance of 600 yards. The tactics of the Boers are described as admirable. They moved from flank to flank, opening fire time after time after time from unexpected positions. For our men to advance and charge at the point of the bayonet was quite impossible, for they would all have been shot down before reaching the enemy. The British position at sunset appeared desperate. The men had no rations, and a most difficult country lay between them and the camp, the enemy being manifestly close at hand. At 9 P.M., however, General Colley marched his little force down to the river unseen by the enemy. The sufferings of the wounded who were left on the ground are said to have been terrible. They had no water, although the rain was incessant; but some were able to assuage their thirst by sucking their blankets. At midnight, however, some waggons sent by the General arrived on the ground, and the wounded were taken into Newcastle. Had not General Colley succeeded in escaping during the night, surrender was inevitable in the morning, when the Boers were prepared to attack in force.

The battle on Majuba Hill, which resulted in the complete defeat of our troops and the death of General Colley, took place on February 27th. A previous reconnaissance having ascertained that Majuba Mountain—a height which commanded the Boer position at Laing's Nek, was unoccupied by the Boers, General Colley determined to seize the hill. He accordingly set forth on the night of the 26th with a force of about 700 men, mainly composed of detachments from the 58th, the 60th, the 92nd, and the Naval Brigade. After a terrible climb of six hours up the almost perpendicular sides of the hill, which were too steep for even an unmounted mule, the summit was reached, two small detachments having been left on the way to maintain communication with the camp. The movement up to that time had completely succeeded, as the Boers were utterly unaware of our troops having gained so important a position, and the fact was first revealed to them by some mounted scouts, who had approached somewhat near our pickets, being fired upon. The Boers were at first considerably startled, but speedily appear to have regained their presence of mind and opened a heavy fire upon our troops, who taught by experience, availed themselves of every morsel of cover which they could secure. Heavy reinforcements of the enemy, however, were eventually brought up, and a tremendous assault was made upon the British position. For some time our troops stood their ground, but the terrific rushes and the literal hail of lead finally told upon them, and after a time a complete rout ensued, the Boers pouring into the basin, which formed the summit in irresistible numbers. General Colley was shot in the head, and two other officers and eighty-two men were killed, nine officers and 122 men being wounded. There was no pursuit, as our guns at the camp opened fire upon any Boers who showed themselves within range. Captain Birkett writes respecting this engagement, "The summit of the Majuba Hill was held until the ammunition was all expended. The enormous force which the Boers then brought up so overpowered our men, that they were literally thrown down the hill and over the krantzes."

J. H. BRAND, PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE

No small portion of the success of the recent negotiations with the Transvaal Boers is due to President John Henry Brand of the Orange Free State, whose efforts in the cause of peace have so justly earned the warm acknowledgments of Her Majesty's Government, and the high appreciation of the Boers themselves. Mr. Brand's family has been located at the Cape for many years; his grandfather was a member of the Court of Justice, his father, Sir C. J. Brand, was an Advocate in the same Court, a member of the Legislative Council, and, on the establishment of Parliamentary government in 1854, was elected Speaker of the House of Assembly. His son, the subject of our portrait, was called to the Bar, at the Inner Temple, in Trinity Term, 1849, and in 1876 attended the Conference held in London on South African affairs. The President's son, C. J. Brand, was also called to the Bar at the same Inn, in Easter Term, 1880. Mr. Brand is known to be an impartial, large-hearted, and liberal-minded man, and from his training, education, and thorough appreciation of the political situation, and his intimate knowledge of the views and feelings of all concerned, his good offices have been, and still may be, invaluable to both British and Africans.

LIEUTENANT ROBERT HAMOND ELWES,

Of the Grenadier Guards, was the eldest son of the late Mr. Robert Esq., of Congham House, King's Lynn, Norfolk. He was born in 1856, educated at Eton, and joined the Grenadiers in 1876. Last autumn he was appointed Aide-de-Camp to the late Sir George Pomeroy Colley, and accompanied that officer to the Transvaal at the commencement of hostilities. He volunteered to lead, with Colonel Deane, the gallant charge of the 58th Regiment at Laing's Nek, on the 28th of January, when he and all the Staff were killed. His last words were written home by an eyewitness of the battle: "Poor Elwes fell among the 58th; he shouted to another Eton fellow (Adjutant of the 58th), 'Come along, Monck. *Floreat Etona!*—we must die in the first rank;' and was shot immediately."—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. Percy, Hythe.

LIEUTENANT WALTER STUART STEVENS HAWORTH,

Of the 60th Rifles, was the youngest son of Mr. Frederick Haworths by his marriage with Louisa Anne Stevens, daughter and co-heiress, of Mr. Thomas Stevens, of Cross, Devon. He was educated at the Charterhouse and at Sandhurst, and obtained his commission in August last year, being gazetted to the 60th Rifles, in which regiment his uncle, Captain Martin E. Haworth, had formerly served. He was at once ordered to join his regiment in the Transvaal, and sailed from this country on his twentieth birthday, the 15th of October, 1880. He was present at the unsuccessful attack on Laing's Nek on the 28th January, and at the action on the Ingogo River on the 8th February. In the latter he received four wounds, one in the shoulder and three in the leg, one thigh being absolutely shattered. Although suffering horribly, he is described by the chaplain, Mr. Ritchie, as begging that he should be left until the men had been looked to. He was ultimately removed to the hospital at Newcastle, where he sank under his injuries, and died on the 12th of January.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Hills and Saunders, York Town.

DR. BARBER,

WHOSE murder by a Boer escort under circumstances similar to that of Captain Elliott was reported a few weeks ago, was born in Manchester, and educated there at the school of Dr. Adams, Victoria Park. While pursuing his medical studies he acted as assistant to Mr. Cartmel, surgeon, Manchester. Before, however, he had obtained his diploma, he was obliged by the state of his health to seek a warmer climate. In 1873 he settled in the Orange Free State, and, having obtained the necessary qualification, he practised as a doctor, and became very popular through his frank, agreeable manners and obliging disposition. He married a Dutch widow, who owned an extensive farm, and thus became next door neighbour to Mr. Joubert, who lived just over the border. The telegraphic account of the outrage, which has not as yet been contradicted, was to the effect that Dr. Barber and his assistant, Mr. Dias, entered the Transvaal to join the Red Cross Society, whether by invitation or voluntarily does not appear. They were seized as spies, tied to a waggon for three days and three nights; after which they were escorted to the border, given forty yards' start, and then shot down. Mr. Joubert, who ordered them to be conducted to the border, has stated that the murder was an unauthorised act of the escort; and, if this should turn out to be the case, there ought to be some hope that the punishment of the murderers will be one of the conditions of the peace now being negotiated.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

THE NEW ROAD CARS

WILL shortly commence running on various routes in different parts of the metropolis, the London and District Omnibus Company (Limited) having entered into arrangements for the purpose with the inventor, Captain Molesworth, R.N. The chief difference between the old and the new vehicles is that the latter are principally supported on the two large wheels, which arrangement not only gives greater facility in running, but by means of the crank axle also brings the car much nearer the ground, passengers being thus able to step easily from the pavement on to the platform in front, which is no higher than an ordinary curb-stone. An additional, and perhaps a more acceptable advantage gained in adopting this principle, is that however rough the ground, or however the load may be distributed, the car glides forward with an undulating, easy motion, most enjoyable compared with the rather "rough and tumble" jolting of the old omnibus. The two small wheels in front act rather as a foundation for the driver's seat than as an additional support to the car. This new arrangement affords great facilities for rapidly turning and changing the vehicle's course in crowded thoroughfares, and also enables the driver to have proper command of his horses, to be free from interference from passengers, and also to be in close communication with the conductor, who stands on the platform in front, where, in contrast to the old style, is the door. We have seen and travelled in one of the new vehicles, were much pleased with its comfort, roominess, and brightness, and especially with the novel arrangement of the seats on the top; the "knife board" being abolished for a double row of comfortable garden chairs, so placed as to allow of every one sitting with his or her face to the horses. These chairs are not shown in the illustration, but the majority of the cars are fitted with them.

THE GREEK FRONTIER QUESTION—VOLO

THESE sketches, kindly forwarded by a naval officer, depict the harbour and town of Volo, one of the chief strongholds of Thessaly, and which, if any peaceful arrangement be made between the Porte and Greece, will be ceded to the latter Power. On the other hand, if war is declared, Volo will probably form one of the most important bases of operations. The defences have recently been strengthened, an army of 16,000 men is located there, and the torpedo-boats have been placed at the mouth of the harbour.

The entrance to the Gulf of Volo is by the narrow Strait of Trikeri. It is a little over three miles in width, and with the heavy guns of the present day each shore might be commanded by the other. Trikeri, the rocky promontory which forms the Turkish shore, is the advanced outpost of Volo, and as such will no doubt become the object of a Greek attack should war break out between the two



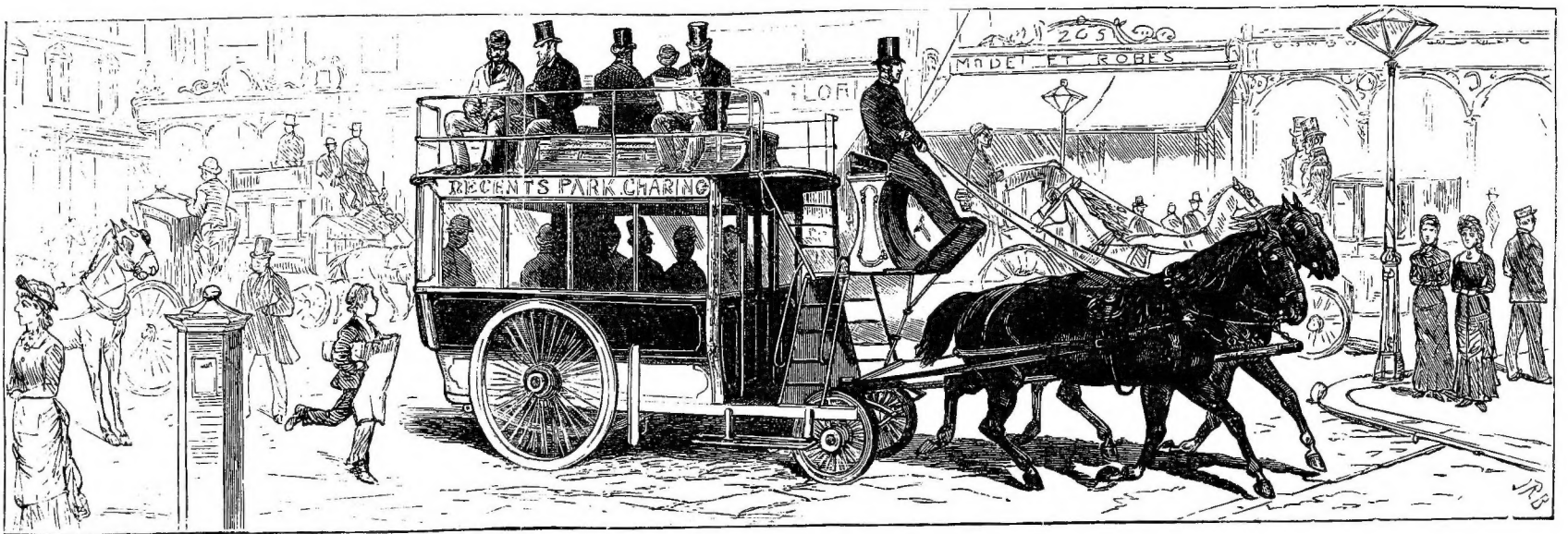
THE LATE DR. BARBER
Murdered by the Transvaal Boers whilst on his way to join the Red Cross Service in the Field



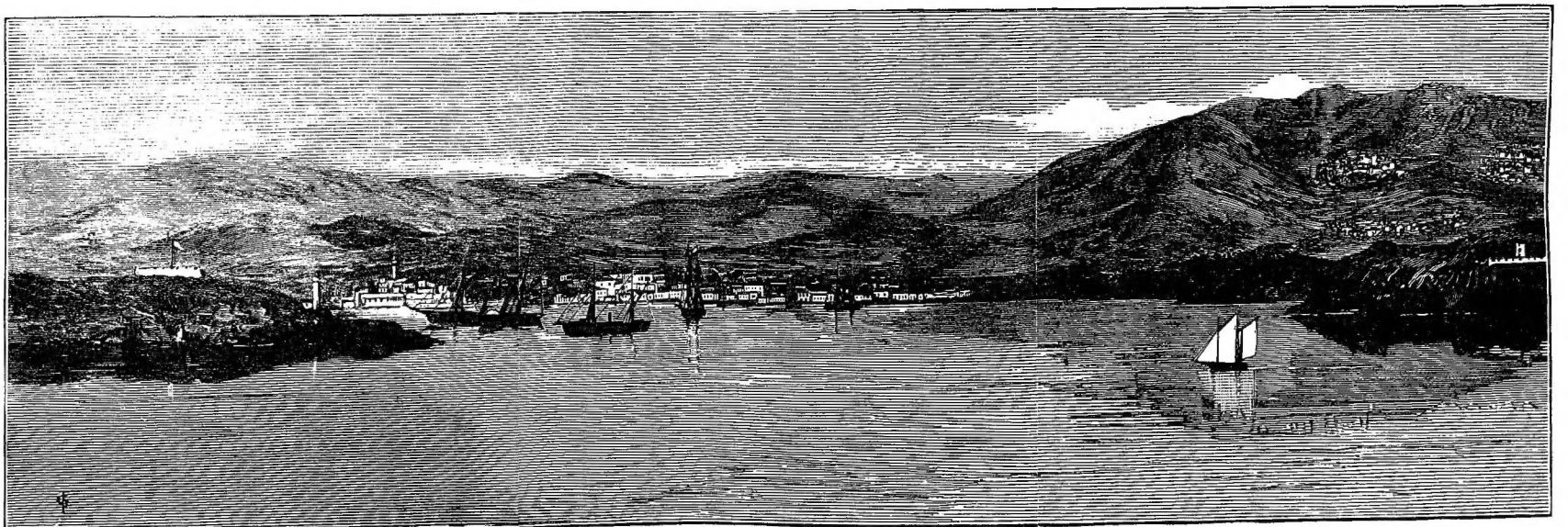
LIEUT. WALTER S. S. HAWORTH, 60TH RIFLES
Died Feb. 12 of Wounds Received in the Battle of Schain's Hoogte, Feb 8, 1881



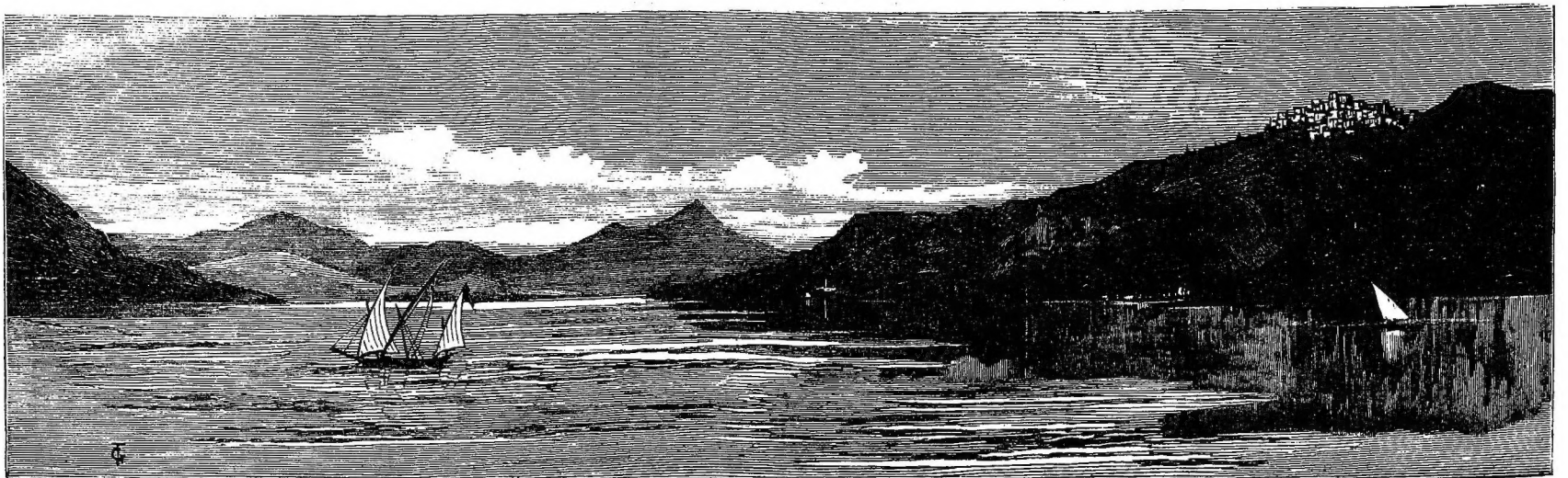
LIEUT. R. H. ELWES, GRENADIER GUARDS
Aide-de-Camp to the late Sir G. P. Colley, Killed at the Battle of Laing's Nek, Jan. 28, 1881



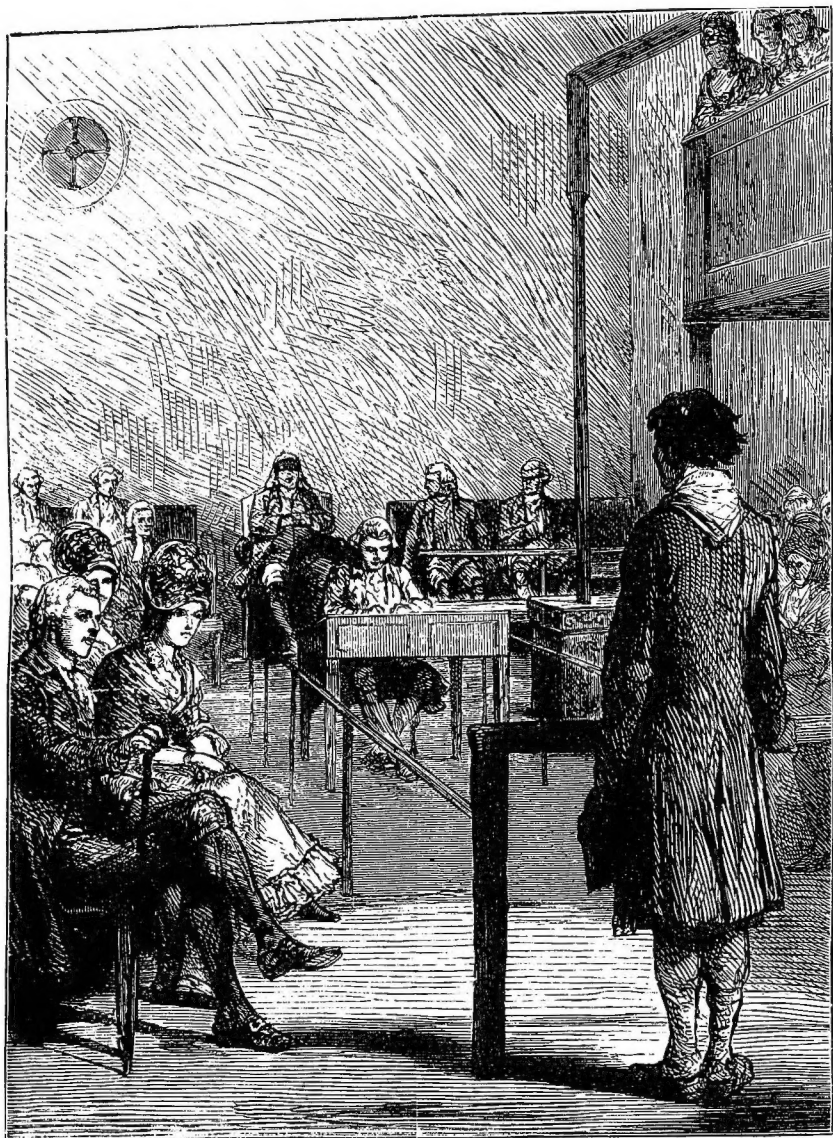
LONDON TRAVELLING—THE NEW ROAD CAR



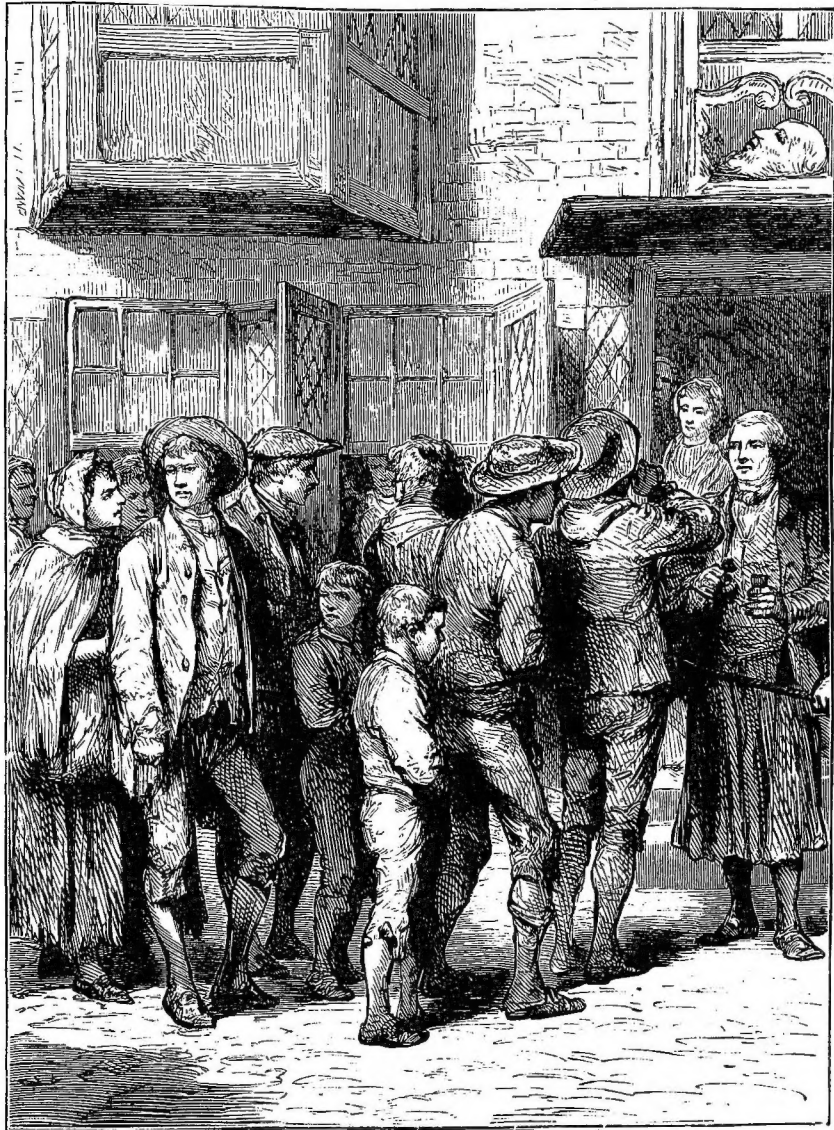
Battery Lighthouse Turkish town Greek Town Macrinza
VOLO, THESSALY, HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE TURKISH FORCES



Greek Shore Turkish Shore Small Harbour Town of Trikeri
ENTRANCE TO THE GULF OF VOLO, SHOWING THE GREEK AND TURKISH SHORES
THE GREEK FRONTIER QUESTION



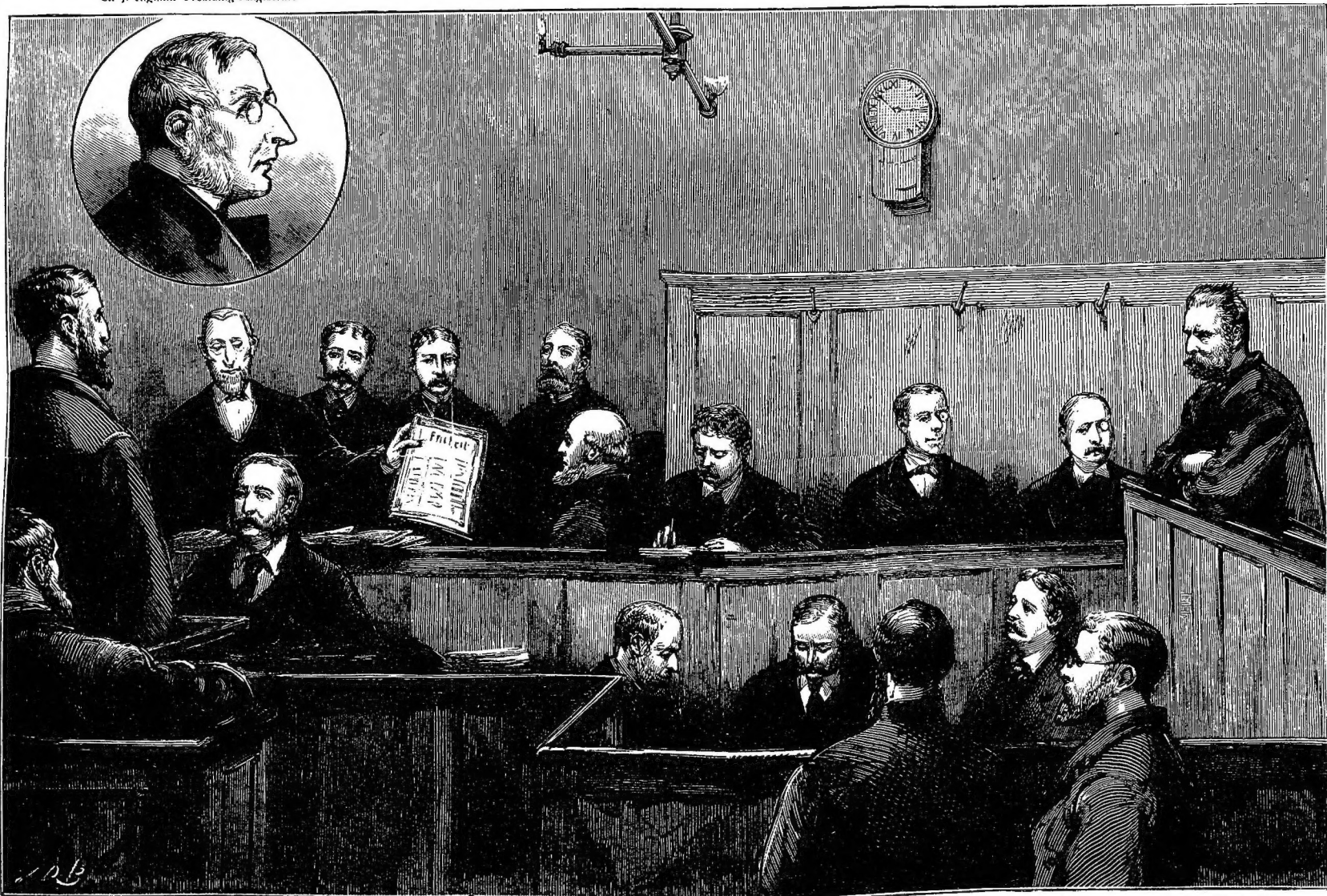
SIR JOHN FIELDING, THE BLIND MAGISTRATE, PRESIDING IN THE COURT



PRISONERS ON THEIR WAY TO GAOL—A HALT FOR REFRESHMENT

REMINISCENCES OF OLD BOW STREET POLICE COURT

Sir J. Ingham Presiding Magistrate



Mr. Poland (Prosecuting Counsel)

Herr Most (The Prisoner)

THE PROSECUTION OF THE "FREIHEIT"—EXAMINATION OF HERR JOHANN MOST AT THE OLD BOW STREET POLICE COURT

countries. The little harbour is seen at the foot of the hill, on the summit of which is perched the town.

Volo itself is a town which has been growing in importance very steadily during the last few years. Fifteen years ago, there were only about a hundred houses, and now there are about fifteen hundred. The Turkish town is within the Old Castle, on the left. Formerly the merchants lived in the villages on the hills, for security against the pirates who, within sixty years or so, infested all parts of the Aegean Sea. Macruitza is the village near which the body of the unfortunate *Times* correspondent, Mr. Ogle, was found. The rebels at that time had taken possession of all the villages round Volo, and were only deterred from entering the town itself by the ironclad at anchor in the harbour. The houses are well built of limestone, a material readily found close at hand. It has a Municipality which is evidently looking to the future, for though the streets are unpaved, and there is no pretence at drainage, they are wide and spacious. The principal merchants are Greeks who, notwithstanding the alleged grinding tyranny of the Government which as yet holds possession of the place, have managed to amass much wealth. Volo exports large quantities of grain, olives, olive oil, and fruit.

TYPES OF BEAUTY, III.

THIS engraving, which forms our supplement this week, is from the picture by Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., and needs but few words of explanation. It is one of the series painted by a number of the best known British artists, who were commissioned by the proprietors of *The Graphic* to put their particular ideal of a beautiful woman upon canvas. This collection has been reinforced this season by several paintings of female heads by distinguished French artists, to whom a similar commission had been given, and the striking contrast thus afforded between the taste of the two nations as far as regards feminine beauty has doubtless been remarked by those of our readers who have visited the Gallery where the collection is exhibited.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD BOW STREET POLICE STATION

THE remembrance of old Bow Street carries us far back into the last century. The first Court, or "Office," as it was then called, was established in 1749, one of the earlier magistrates being Henry Fielding. His successor was Sir John Fielding, who, though blind from his birth, yet evinced great ability and zeal. He originated many schemes for improving the police system and for aiding women who had lost character, and he was the author of a pamphlet cautioning the public against the tricks of London sharpers. An advertisement in the *Public Advertiser* of 1758 contains the announcement of a benefit at Sadler's Wells granted to the chief magistrate to assist him in providing an asylum for poor girls. While desiring ladies to secure boxes early it gives them the satisfactory assurance that "on this night there will be an armed horse patrol on the new road between Sadler's Wells and Grosvenor Square," a valuable precaution when the ordinary protection was that of "Charleys" and "Robin Redbreasts," as the Bow Street Runners with their red waistcoats were called, and who were dispensed with in 1829, on the establishment of the new police force by Sir Robert Peel, whence the nickname "Peeler." Our second sketch shows the old-fashioned method of removing convicts and prisoners committed for trial from the police court to the prison. They were marched through the streets on foot, fettered, and in most cases fastened together with heavy chains, so that the journey was somewhat fatiguing, and a halt was now and then made at a wayside tavern for the purpose of refreshments, paid for in many instances by some bystanders, whose soft hearts had been touched by the deplorably moving spectacle of human misery. All this has long since been abolished, and our criminals and "suspects" are quietly, comfortably, and expeditiously taken from one place to another in a kind of prison on wheels, equally well known as the "Government Omnibus," "Black Maria," and the "Police Van." The magistrate who presided in old Bow Street Police Court on the closing day Saturday last was Mr. Flowers, who was also the first to take his seat on Monday on the bench in the new Court, which by the way, though roomy, light, and well ventilated, is declared to be "very bad for sound." The last important case heard in the old premises was the charge against the editor of the *Freiheit*, whilst the application for bail in the same case was heard in the new building. The actual last prisoner brought up in the old Court was a boy named MacCarthy, who was charged with stealing firewood, and the first case in the new Court was a charge of "drunk and disorderly" against one Moll Mahoney, who, however, was discharged on promise of better behaviour.

THE "FREIHEIT" PROSECUTION

ALTHOUGH considerable difference of opinion appears to exist as to the expediency of prosecuting Herr Most, the editor of the *Freiheit*, yet few, except the extreme Socialists and Nihilists themselves would we imagine question the justice of calling a man to account for declaring in a public print his approval of a particular murder, and complaining that deeds of that character "happened so seldom." It appears to us that whatever be the issue of the prosecution, the nature of the offence with which the defendant is charged removes the matter completely beyond the sphere of politics. In the language of the Act of Parliament Herr Most is accused of having "printed and published, or caused and procured to be printed and published, a scandalous, wicked, and malicious libel of and concerning the late Emperor of Russia; and also of encouraging and endeavouring to persuade divers persons unknown to commit the crime of murder in Europe, out of Her Majesty's dominions, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lady the Queen." Conviction for such an offence renders the criminal liable, at the discretion of the Judge before whom he has been tried, to penal servitude for not less than three or more than ten years; or to imprisonment for any term not exceeding two years with or without hard labour. Herr Most will have a fair trial according to English law, and the jury will doubtless give him the benefit of anything which can be urged in his favour. Meanwhile, few people will quarrel with Sir James Ingham's decision in refusing bail, the matter being of such a serious character. With regard to Herr Most's personal appearance, it may be interesting to state that he is of average height, and very fair complexion, and that he seems to be about thirty-five years of age. When in Court on Thursday last a peculiar twitching of his features was observable, but whether this was habitual, or the result of nervousness arising from his position, we know not. His friends in London are getting up a Defence Fund for him, and despite the seizure of type and plant the *Freiheit* appeared as usual last Saturday, the only difference being that part of it was printed in English.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING IN THE CITY

"FEW modern improvements," says our artist, "are so remarkable as that which has taken place in lighting the public thoroughfares of our towns. Some people now living can recollect the greater part of London rendered dim and obscure by wretched oil lamps, and we ourselves can recall to memory the lugubrious aspect which Grosvenor Square and Gower Street used to present after dark, they being amongst the last places in London which held out against gas. Sir Humphrey Davy once said that it would be as easy to bring down a bit of the moon to light London as to succeed in doing so with gas; and in 1809, when London was first lit by gas, many of the citizens, believing that a series of explosions must

inevitably ensue, shut up their shops and fled in terror into the country, while those who remained imagined that the smell of the gas made them seriously ill, and supposed that the light would injure their sight, and in a few months make them blind.

"The electric light, which was for the first time used for the purpose of illuminating the City on Thursday, last week, has fortunately none of these prejudices to contend with. Those who went over the factory of the Brush Company, on Thursday evening, were struck with the simplicity of the machinery, so free from anything like danger or offensive smell, and at the same time so compact and thoroughly clean that it might be placed in a lady's boudoir; and those who afterwards walked through the City and witnessed the fairy-like aspect of our usually ugly and uninteresting streets, might almost have imagined that both of Sir Humphrey Davy's impossibilities had come to pass, and that several 'slices of the moon' had been brought down to light London; for, strangely enough, the effect of the electric light upon buildings is almost precisely the same as that of the moonbeams. We see the same sharp and clearly defined lights violently contrasted with dark and very opaque shadows, together with an entire absence of reflected lights, and scarcely any half-light. The Jablockhoff system has been in use in London for some two years past, notably on the Thames Embankment. The American Brush Company exhibited a very large and powerful light on the top of their establishment, in Vine Street, Lambeth, the effect of which, as seen from the Embankment, is shown in our first sketch. The same company also lighted Cheapside, Blackfriars Bridge, and a part of St. Paul's Churchyard. The remarkable effect of the portico of the Cathedral partly illuminated by one of the Brush lights is shown in our next sketch, whilst in our third sketch the effect of the Siemens light upon the Mansion House and Royal Exchange is shown, and in Guildhall Place in sketch No. 4. In both these instances the lights are placed upon poles 70 feet or 80 feet high, and the advantages of such a position are obvious. Our remaining sketch shows the effect of the lights upon London Bridge, which, as seen from the steps leading down to the river, presented a strange, weird appearance, the gloomy shade of its arches enhanced by the brilliant light overhead. Only two out of the three districts into which the City has been divided for testing the different kinds of electric lighting during the ensuing twelve months are as yet illuminated by electricity, as the apparatus for the Lontin system will not be ready until the 1st of May."

"THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET"

THIS NEW STORY, by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated by Mr. Charles Green, is continued on page 349.

NOTES AT AN INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE

THE annual rowing contest between the crack crews of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge has long been so widely patronised by the general public that, like the Derby Day, there is little or nothing new to be said about it. Writing these lines before the event takes place, we have little doubt that the brilliant though cold weather of the past fortnight will continue on the day of the race, and that consequently the number of spectators will be greater than usual. Thousands go down by road and take up the best obtainable positions on *terra firma*; others, more anxious to get a near view of the rowing at some particular points, take to the water; while a favoured few are privileged to follow the competing eights in steamers chartered by the representatives of the two Universities or in the "Press" boat. Our sketches may be briefly described. The arrivals by road and by water speak for themselves. In "Done Everything" we have a languid member of the crutch-and-toothpick brigade who has driven down to the water side because it is the correct thing to do, but who is apparently utterly indifferent as to the result. "Like Master like Man,"—his groom stands waiting in a ridiculous attitude of assumed indifference. Next below we have 'Arry and his "pals" "Doing the thing Properly" in their abominable little steam launch; whilst beneath that again we have a "stern" view of the typical old gentleman who is for ever bewailing the decline in our national physique. We need say nothing about the remaining sketches, unless it be to call attention to the charming group of ladies in the centre sketch, now calmly awaiting the race, but presently to be all excitement and enthusiasm as the rival boats come into view and flash past them on the way to the coveted goal.

SEAL HUNTING OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND

SEAL-HUNTING is one of the staple industries of the coasts of both Eastern and Western North America. The recent cession of Alaska to the United States has given valuable sealing grounds to the fishermen of the Union, while the Newfoundland fisheries have long been a source of wealth to the denizens of the Dominion. In the Alaska territory the fishery is mainly carried on in two islands—St. Paul and St. George, where the seals are driven inland from their "rookeries," or gathering places on the coast, to the killing grounds, so that their surviving companions may not be scared away by the sight and smell of blood. The hunting also is carefully superintended by Government inspectors, so that the animals are not recklessly exterminated, as they have been in Kerguelenland. It is probably owing to the want of such precautionary measures that the seal fishery has declined on the coast of Newfoundland. There formerly about the middle of February, every available vessel was wont to be fitted out for the great spring fishery on the ocean fields of ice in the northern regions. The fleet, as a rule, was absent three weeks or a month, and during that time the hearts of all classes in the colony palpitated between hope and dread. All had a stake in this momentous voyage: the merchant in his venture, the tradesman in his ship stores and winter credit to the fishermen; the fishermen, to pay their debts in order to obtain more credit for the summer cod fishery.

Last April there was a curious visitation of seals—such, indeed, as would have seemed extraordinary, even in the palmy days of the fishery. For many years the fishermen have scarcely hoped for a paying harvest of seal, even after a voyage to the icefields in the far north. On this occasion, however, the seals came floating down on great sheets of ice within easy reach of the hunters. The latter, were ready for the unlooked-for harvest, and as the ice closed around numbers might be seen hurrying from the harbour of St. John's to the sheets of ice, which extended some forty miles into the ocean, though the hunter rarely advanced more than a distance of nine miles from land. For several days all went well, and thousands of seals were captured, when suddenly the north-east wind which was binding the ice together dropped, and the fields began to move away from the shore. A panic at once ensued, and numbers, unable to get to land, were carried out to sea, most, however, being subsequently rescued by a sealing steamer and special search vessels.

This year also the Newfoundland seal fishery is said to have been highly successful.

AN AMERICAN SEA-SIDE HOME FOR WORKING WOMEN.

SEASHORE COTTAGE, ATLANTICVILLE, which is pleasantly situated about a mile north of Long Branch, is an institution established for the purpose of affording the female working population of New York an opportunity of enjoying a week or two at the sea-side during the summer season, without going to any more expense than is absolutely necessary to cover the actual cost of their board and lodging. Women and girls of all classes—teachers, saleswomen,

shopgirls, and the like are accepted, the only conditions being respectability of character and the ability to pay the very moderate charge of five dollars per week, or nine dollars per fortnight, which includes railway fare from New York, as well as entertainment at the Cottage. The land was purchased at the joint expense of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Harper, of New York, and the institution itself founded by Mrs. Fletcher Harper, junior, the original idea being to provide such a place for the female *employés* in their well-known publishing house; but it was soon decided to throw it open to all comers, and it has now been in successful working order for some three summers, under the management of a lady superintendent. The Cottage, which is furnished and decorated in a way which is at once tasteful and comfortable, affords accommodation for about fifty to sixty inmates at a time, but with a view of extending its benefits as widely as possible no guest is permitted to stay longer than two weeks, so that some 300 girls on the average are received during the "season," which commences in the middle of June and lasts until the middle of September. We may add that, although the shore is sandy and destitute of rocks, and therefore very safe, the inmates of Seashore Cottage are only allowed to bathe under the superintendence of a swimming master. There is no favouritism, and no distinction as to religion, the applications for accommodation being attended to on the principle of first come, first served, the sole condition, as we have already said, being that of personal good character. From this brief description it will be seen that Mrs. Fletcher, junior, is doing a very valuable work, and one which is in every way worthy of imitation on both sides of the Atlantic. Our engravings are from photographs by Pach of New York.



THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD'S ILLNESS has been the subject of very general public solicitude throughout the week, and the daily bulletins have been looked for with much anxiety. The number of personal inquiries at his residence has been very great, and included several members of the Royal Family, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Lord Hartington, Mr. Gladstone, and many other distinguished personages. At the annual dinner of the Institution of Civil Engineers on Saturday, Lord Kimberley, alluding to the illness of Lord Beaconsfield, said that no man could have been more opposed to him throughout his connection with political affairs, but that did not prevent him from feeling that the country had an interest in the health of a man who had occupied a position which must make every one feel a deep and sincere desire for his speedy recovery. Lord Derby said the noble earl who represented the Government had expressed a sentiment in which all agreed. He, no doubt, felt it strongly, but they could not all feel as strongly as, from a long personal friendship, he did, the earnest hope that one of the most distinguished men that ever entered the House of Lords might be spared to adorn that assembly. The Earl is reported to be progressing favourably, though slowly, the prevalence of east winds being much against him. Dr. Kidd, after sitting up with his patient seven nights in succession, has been relieved by Dr. Bruce, both gentlemen, in conjunction with Dr. Quain, being still in attendance on his lordship. The reports on Wednesday were to the effect that both gout and spasms were subsiding, and that the general symptoms were favourable. On Thursday the medical bulletin stated that although during the night his lordship had had a severe attack of difficult breathing, with some congestion of the lungs, these symptoms had nearly passed away, and left him not materially worse.

THE WITHDRAWAL FROM CANDAHAR.—Lord Lytton having received a letter from the Lancashire Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, thanking him for his efforts to prevent the abandonment of Candahar, has sent a letter to the secretary, in which he says, "British honour now lies buried with the brave men who fought and fell so vainly in its cause. When the cup of humiliation has been drained, when the postponement of peril can no longer be purchased by retreat, when menace after menace has extorted from pusillanimity the last farthing of national trust money, the only resource to which England can then look for the rescue of her Empire and the redemption of her renown, will be in the high spirit of a united people taught by experience and roused by danger to place the prescience of statesmen above the exigencies of party, and the resolve that victories won in the field shall no longer be wasted in the Cabinet."

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. Bradlaugh having decided not to carry the main question on his right to sit in Parliament to the House of Lords, but only to ask their decision with regard to Mr. Clarke's ability to recover the fines, a new writ has been issued for Northampton, and already several rival candidates are preparing to do battle with the quondam member. Mr. Corbett (Conservative) comes forward to give the electors an opportunity of "saying whether they will be represented by a Christian or an Atheist." Mr. Robert Need (Independent) has not yet issued his address, nor has Mr. Varley, the Revivalist preacher, though both have announced their intended candidature. In the event of Mr. Bradlaugh being re-elected, it is understood that the Conservative side of the House will contest his right to take the oath.—Besides Northampton there are now four vacant seats in the House of Commons: St. Ives, through the death of Sir Charles Reed; West Cheshire, through the death of Sir Philip Egerton; Wigan, through the unseating of Mr. Powell; and Sunderland, through the retirement of Major-General Sir H. Havelock-Allan, who intends to resume political life after serving the necessary time in the army in order to obviate his removal from the Active list.—The Westminster Liberals are about to imitate the example of Birmingham and other places by electing a Liberal Five Hundred. A preliminary meeting was held on Saturday, at which Mr. Buxton, M.P., strongly recommended the system of organisation.

THE CENSUS OF 1881 will, we fear, be scarcely so accurate as might be wished, judging from the numerous letters that have appeared in our daily contemporaries complaining of neglect on the part of the enumerators to leave the necessary papers at certain houses. One correspondent alleges that two entire roads, one at Brixton, the other at Gunnersbury, were thus overlooked. Sir Brydges Henniker, anxious to rectify all omissions, has issued an advertisement asking any persons who have not been enumerated to communicate with him at once, so that their names may be included. The Census Office is 5, Craig's Court, Charing Cross.

GALE AND BOATING FATALITIES ON THE THAMES.—On Saturday and Sunday the strong easterly wind, combined with a high tide in the river, caused much damage by flooding the low lands beside the stream. A number of boats were capsized by the violence of the waves, among them being two eight-oared cutters, some of each crew being drowned. Up to Thursday the number of bodies rescued was eight, but more may yet be found. At the opening of the inquest on Monday the coroner suggested that the boatowners ought to be more careful about letting out their boats.

THE VOLUNTEERS, taking advantage of the fine weather, are busily engaged in drilling, preparatory to the Review at Brighton on Easter Monday, when a force of over 22,000 of all arms is expected to assemble on the Downs, under the command of Lieut.-General Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. The attacking force will be led by Major-General Higginson, C.B., and the defending army by Major-General Earle, C.S.I.

APRIL 9, 1881

IRELAND.—Mr. Tully, of the *Roscommon Herald*, is now lodged in Kilmalnaham Gaol. When arrested last week, the police permitted him to remain all night in his office and to receive an address of sympathy, in answer to which he made a speech from the window exhorting the people to persevere in their resistance, and denouncing the landlords, and especially Col. King Harman, whom he called "King Hangman."—The *Dublin Gazette* of Tuesday contains a proclamation under the Arms Act, requiring every person in proclaimed localities, who does not hold a licence, to deliver to the police all arms and ammunition in his possession. The counties specified are Clare, Cork, Donegal, Galway, Kerry, Leitrim, Limerick, Longford, Mayo, Roscommon, Sligo, Westmeath, Kilkenny, Queen's, Cavan, and Monaghan.—No fewer than three fatal riots, arising out of the attempt to serve civil processes under police protection, are reported this week. At Clogher, the constabulary, being attacked by the people with a volley of stones, fired in self-defence, and a severe fight ensued, resulting in the death of one constable and two other men, while some twenty persons were badly wounded; at Garteen, County Sligo, in a similar affray, two countrymen were killed, and a policeman was so badly injured that it is thought he cannot survive; and at Ballinamore some 200 women attacking a police escort with sticks and stones were fired into, one girl being shot dead, and another severely wounded.

MR. FAWCETT AND THE TELEGRAPH CLERKS.—The Postmaster-General has issued a circular to the telegraph clerks, in which he expresses his surprise that he has been charged with "unfairness," "injustice," and "breach of faith," and his regret that while he is making every effort to arrive at a just decision as to their complaints his conduct has been condemned. Their conduct, he says, has his "strong disapprobation," but he supposes they acted under a total misapprehension as to the object of the recent interview; and he will not be prevented from doing full justice to the case of the telegraphists generally.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE AUTHORITIES have received from Liverpool an anonymous telegram, warning them that an attempt is about to be made to blow up the building in Lower Thames Street. Although this is believed to be a hoax, the number of watchmen have been doubled in order to defeat any such design that may possibly exist; and an effort is being made by the Liverpool police to discover the sender of the telegram.

OBITUARY.—We regret to announce the death, on the 21st ult., at Conway, New Hampshire, U.S.A., of Lady Blanche Murphy, eldest daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough. Under the signature of "B. M." Lady Blanche had been for several years an occasional contributor to these columns. Her last article, describing a Christmas Tree Festival in New Hampshire, appeared in our issue of the 12th ult.



THE personal contrast, always striking, between Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, has been brought into fresh relief this week. Whilst one septuagenarian statesman has been lying sick almost to death, the other has performed a feat which is perhaps without parallel in Parliamentary history. To bring in a Budget on a Monday and a Land Bill on a Thursday in the same week are *tour de force* that would try the strength of a man in the prime of life. Yet these Mr. Gladstone has accomplished, and if he does not under-estimate the effect upon his strength, is like mankind in general, at the period of the excommunication of the Jackdaw of Rheims, "not one penny the worse."

Both on Monday and Thursday the House was crowded to its utmost limits by an assembly, some individuals of which had made great efforts, and even enormous sacrifices, to gain the privilege of entrance. On Monday the Peers, having no counterbalancing attraction in their own House, filled the space in the gallery allotted to their convenience. Behind them rose tier upon tier the less distinguished strangers who had been made happy by the certainty of a Speaker's order, or had had the rare good fortune of finding profit in a member's. The preliminary business looked long as set down on the paper, and threatened to be longer by proceedings on the part of the Irish members. Upwards of fifty questions were put and answered. This is a process which fortunately is now got through with moderate rapidity, seeing that all questions are taken as read. What was most dangerous was the threatened movement on the part of the Irish to raise a debate on affairs in Ireland, with special reference to the attack on the police in Sligo, which had resulted in the death of some of the assailants. This danger was averted, and so early as half-past five the house had been moved into Committee, and the Premier was upon his feet commencing the exposition of the scheme round which conjectures had huddled for a month past.

It was remarkable that Mr. Gladstone commenced his statement without any use of that formal introduction to which it is usual to preface great speeches. As he had a good deal to say, he observed, he would forego preliminary remarks, and before the House had quite mastered the meaning of this unusual reticence he had already plunged into explanation of the figures of the year. The crowded audience which filled the benches on all sides had assembled with the certainty, almost amounting to superstition, that Mr. Gladstone would produce a brilliant Budget. Rumour, audaciously venturing in what seemed safe water, had boldly declared that nothing less than the total abolition of the Income Tax, or at worst its reduction to a nominal amount, was the *comp* which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had in his master mind. So late as the morning of the Budget a news agency had repeated this assurance, making havoc with the Succession Duties, and sweeping away fourpence from the Income Tax. Mr. Gladstone was evidently aware of this expectation, and from the very first diligently set himself to undermine it. His non-observance of the time-honoured practice of introducing a Budget speech by an exordium was part of this plan. What he had to deal with were affairs not of the brightest hue, and practised oratory would be out of place. It was all very well at a period when the prosperity of the country was advancing by leaps and bounds. Then the onward march might be accompanied by the music of glowing eloquence. Now the Premier must needs be content with a clear business-like statement, devoid of flowers of eloquence or jewels of rhetoric.

The merit of his speech was not such as to catch the popular ear. But it was nevertheless distinct and surpassing. The immense mass of figures which Mr. Gladstone had to deal with may in part be comprehended by a glance over the prodigious columns of the verbatim report given by the morning newspapers. The casual observer cannot look upon them without a shudder, and would regard as hopeless the attempt to master their meaning. Yet on Monday night, as Mr. Gladstone proceeded from point to point of his speech, the whole scheme and condition became as clear and as comprehensible as a simple sum in addition. The audience learned with a feeling of disappointment, but at the same time with a conviction of the unassailability of the statement, that whilst there were some gleams of sunshine on the horizon, the rich harvest of national prosperity was still far off. There was at least a surplus, and, if Mr. Gladstone had been content to leave taxation as it was, he might have carried forward a balance of a million and a quarter, and this after paying all the current expenses of troubles abroad which came to him as a legacy from the former Administration. That of itself, when we come to think of it, is no slight matter. It is some years since the country has been privileged to listen to a statement

embodying this fact. The national finances have been kept in a condition of apparent balance by the easy process of borrowing, and even in the current year's account, beyond the cost of war in Afghanistan and of annexation in South Africa, there is a considerable sum in course of repayment on account of the Exchequer Bonds with which Sir Stafford Northcote propped up his Budgets. Mr. Gladstone, however, was not in a position in which he was free to leave things as he found them. He had to take off a penny in the Income Tax, imposed by him last year as a temporary expedient, and this transformed his surplus into a deficit. This he again adjusted, and brought out a balance of surplus of 300,000*l.* by dealing with what he called the "death duties," and by a similar alteration of the duties on foreign spirits, which whilst, as he urged, it served the course of justice and fair dealing, added 180,000*l.* to the Revenue.

The House speedily got over its disappointment. It was no use crying for the impossible, and hon. Members at once set themselves to consider in a practical manner the proposals before them. Sir Stafford Northcote, in the frank and honest manner which characterises his leadership of the Opposition, lost no time in expressing his general approval of the scheme. He also lent the weight of his influence to that of the Prime Minister to get passed forthwith the resolution on which the Budget Bill is based, postponing till some indefinite time after Easter the general discussion of the measure. This was done, and as early as eleven o'clock the Budget Resolutions were agreed to.

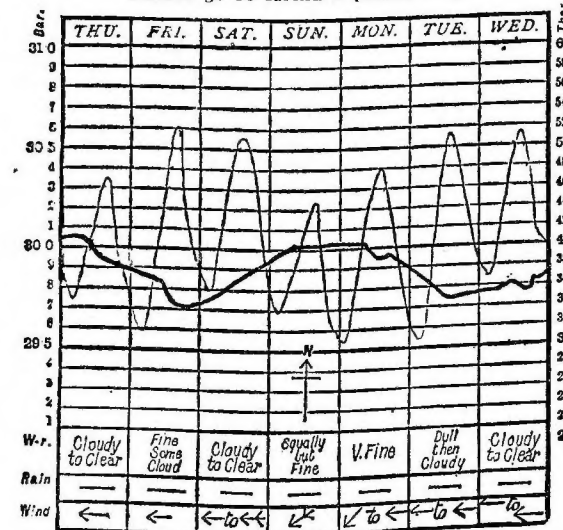
After this there sprang up, somewhat unexpectedly, a debate on the Army Discipline Bill, which came up for consideration on its penultimate stage. The colonels, who had with remarkable docility consented to the abolition of the cat, made a show of resistance on the forms of procedure with respect to the rules regulating punishment. Some of the livelier spirits below the gangway displayed obstructive tendencies, moving to adjourn the debate. But here, again, Sir Stafford Northcote interposed, and, whilst preserving his right of criticism, gave it to be clearly understood that he would be no party to obstruction. Thus, shortly after midnight, the Bill was read a third time and passed.

On Tuesday the House had what was practically the first "count out" of the new Parliament. There had, of course, been several earlier exercises of this Constitutional right; but they had been brought into play when the sitting has been so far advanced that whether it came to a conclusion by the process of a count, or by simple exhaustion, was a matter of only an hour's consideration. On Tuesday the Happy Despatch was achieved as early as half-past seven, and was the result of a characteristically Irish procedure. Mr. O'Donnell was speaking during the dinner hour, in a very thin House. Mr. Arthur O'Connor, imitating a device of which Mr. Biggar is the patentee, moved to have the House counted, with intent to disturb members at their dinner, and so punish them for declining to listen to an Irish debate. But the engineer was hoist by his own petard. When the count took place it was found that there were not forty Members forthcoming, and Mr. O'Connor had the satisfaction of having cut short the wail of his own countrymen.

Wednesday afternoon was again a quiet time, during which one or two small measures were advanced by a stage.

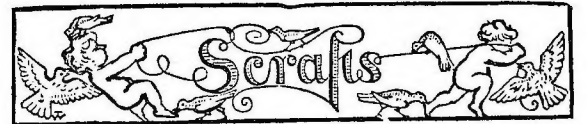
RELIGIOUS SERVICES IN MUSIC HALLS, and also in theatres and other buildings of a like character, have for several years been held on Sundays both in the metropolis and other parts of the country. As a rule they have been conducted with appropriate decorum, and have been of essential service in attracting large congregations mainly drawn from those classes of the people who are not likely to become attendants at either church or chapel; and we are, therefore, at a loss to conceive why the Middlesex magistrates should now suddenly interfere with them, or rather with one particular service, especially when we learn that it has always been conducted in an orderly manner, and attended by a large congregation of respectable persons. As we stated last week, the Metropolitan Music Hall in the Edgware Road has thus been peremptorily closed, and we think that Mr. Charles Cook, the preacher who has for some four years ministered in that building, has good cause to complain of the arbitrary conduct of the magistrates, and the discourteous treatment which he received at the hands of Captain Morley, the Chairman, who, when waited upon for an explanation, sent down by a servant the curt reply, "Captain Morley has no answer to give you." The result is that for the last two Sundays the services have been held in Hyde Park, and last Sunday some three thousand persons assembled in Hyde Park, and unanimously adopted a resolution, strongly protesting against the action of the magistrates, and calling upon them to rectify the error, which we hope they may yet see the wisdom of doing. The Home Secretary has been interviewed on the subject, and expressed his opinion that some mistake had been made. Sir E. Henderson confesses that he "cannot make it out." The Earl of Shaftesbury and Lord Congleton have both promised to do all they can to help Mr. Cook, and it is to be hoped that their efforts will be successful in reinstating him and his congregation. If, however, as is we fear not at all improbable, the magistrates should persist in their unreasonable opposition, it would perhaps be well to test the nature and extent of their authority in the matter by instituting a friendly action against the proprietor of the Music Hall for breach of contract.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK MARCH 31 TO APRIL 6 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this period has remained very fine, dry, and cool. The barometer has been highest to the northward of us, and lowest to the southward, and, as is usual with such conditions, the prevailing winds have been from the eastward. On Saturday and Sunday (2nd and 3rd inst.) the wind rose to a fresh gale, with some very heavy squalls, and at other times it has been unusually fresh or strong in force. Temperature has not been above 52 deg. all the week, and on Sunday (3rd inst.) it did not rise above 45 deg. all day; slight night frosts occurred on several occasions. The barometric changes have been slight and gradual. The barometer was highest (30.05 inches) on Thursday (31st ult.); lowest (29.72 inches) on Friday (1st inst.); range, 0.33 inches. Temperature was highest (52 deg.) on Friday (1st inst.); lowest (31 deg.) on Monday and Tuesday (4th and 5th inst.); range, 21 deg. No rain has fallen.



M. ERNEST RENAN has been elected Director of the French Académie.

THE NEW NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM at South Kensington will be opened on Easter Monday without any ceremony.

AN INDIAN MAHARAJAH has recently pulled down the greater part of his palace, because a vulture happened to sit on it.

POSTCARDS with reply prepaid have been introduced in Paris. They cost 2*d.* for any part of France, or 3*d.* for foreign countries.

"CONSOLATION" PARTIES DURING LENT have been introduced into New York fashionable circles. Tea and a little serious music are the amusements offered.

A VALUABLE ORCHID was sold in London last week. The plant was a *Cypripedium Stonei*, variety *Platythium*, just coming into flower, and brought 140 guineas.

THEATRICALS in KANDAHAR are evidently pursued under difficulties. Thus the *Kandahar News* states that owing to the heavy rains the roof of the theatre has fallen in, and another performance is consequently impossible.

THE COMMANDER OF THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION OF 1872, Herr Weyprecht, who, in company with Lieutenant Payer, discovered Franz Josef Land, has died at Michelstadt, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, from lung disease, contracted during his Arctic voyages. He was forty-three years of age.

A LOAN FINE-ART EXHIBITION is to be opened in Whitechapel on Thursday next. Pictures by well-known artists, embroidery and pottery from private collections, and several cases of Art-objects from South Kensington have been lent; but it is feared that the small entrance fee will be insufficient to cover the expenses; and richer Londoners are asked to aid this scheme for encouraging the love of the beautiful amongst their East End brethren.

LITERARY PIRATES fare badly in China. Any person printing and selling the works of an author without his permission is liable to a hundred blows of the bamboo and transportation for three years. If the offender has stopped short at printing, and has not begun to sell, the penalty is fifty blows, together with the forfeiture of the materials from which it is intended to print. How would this law suit Transatlantic publishers, who sell cheap copies of British works, much to the detriment of the author?

A HAUNTED HOUSE is causing great excitement in Rome, according to the Italian correspondent of the *American Register*. For weeks past the house has seemed possessed; subterranean rumblings are heard everywhere, the walls and ceilings shake, perpetual knockings go on day and night, and the scared inmates have abandoned the premises to the police. Yet though guards watch the door, and every hole and corner of the building has been examined, nothing has come to light, except, by the by, a poor old woman kept in a cellar by some relatives, who were living on her annuity. It is thought that perhaps there may be some underground passage, by which the "spirits" gain access to the house.

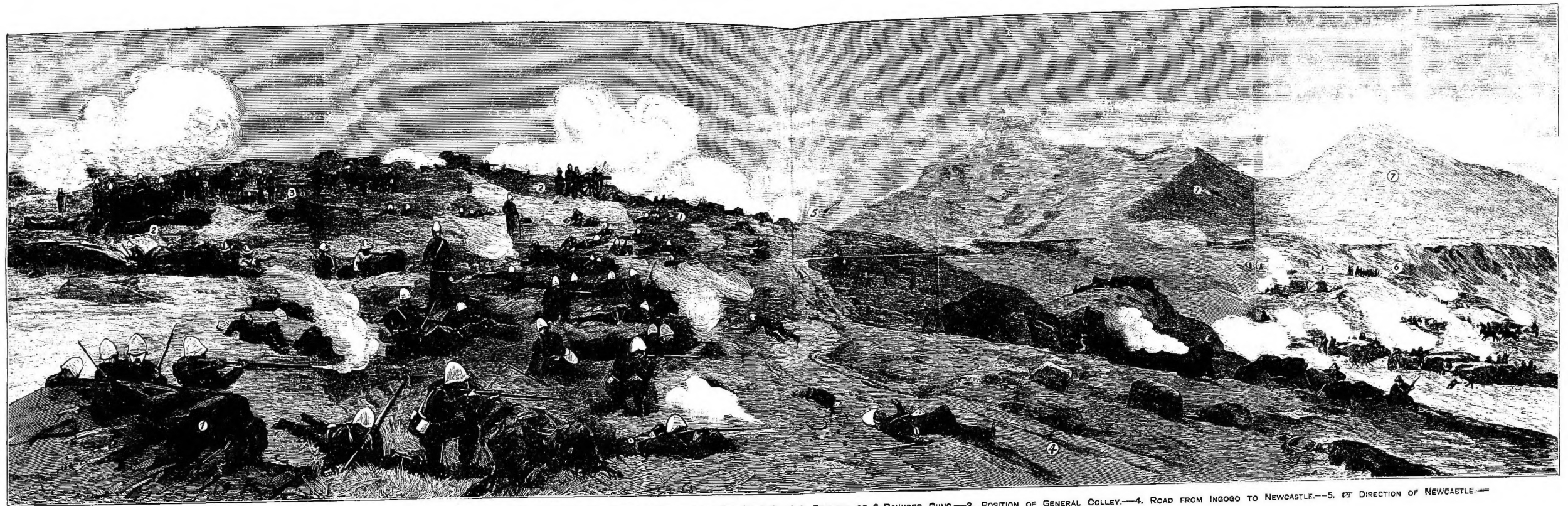
ARCTIC EXPLORATION will be energetically pursued by the United States this summer. First, there will be the important Search Expedition for the *Jeannette*, plans for which are now being considered by a special Commission. Much of the success of the coming search will depend upon the accuracy of this plan, for, as the *New York Herald* remarks, the scene of the proposed expedition lies in a labyrinth of Arctic ice yet unseen by any but the crew of the missing ship, the value of such plans having been fully demonstrated during the Franklin search. Further, two expeditions will be sent out in connection with the Polar colonisation project, one settling at Point Barrow, on the north coast of Alaska, the other going to Lady Franklin Bay.

ELECTRIC LIGHT IN A COAL MINE is shortly to be tried at Motherwell in Lanarkshire, with the Swan light, which we illustrated and described last week. A monster electric lamp, by the way, has been successfully tested at the Brush Works across the Atlantic. It is the largest light ever produced by human hands, and is fifty times the magnitude of an ordinary street electric lamp, having an illuminating power of 100,000 candles. The light is intended for the British Navy, as a protection against night attacks, and it is estimated that with the aid of an ordinary reflector the beam of light will be so powerful as to enable a person fifteen miles distant to read by it. Americans also are putting this light to all sorts of varied uses, as a race meeting at New Orleans is to take place under electrical illumination.

A FLOUR BATTLE was fought with great vigour on the last day of the Carnival in the Mexican quarter of San Francisco, Spainstown. The combatants were divided into two factions, each headed by a reigning belle, respective Queens of the Red and Green flags, and clad in the national colours. One party made a fort near the church, the other entrenched themselves behind a mound of old boxes, and the air was soon thick with flour, the contest waging hotly till one faction were driven down the hill in a semi-blind condition, and at the foot lost their flag. This ended the fight. The victors crowned their fair leader Queen of the Carnival ball, and with their antagonists marched in a whitened procession to the hall, where they danced for the rest of the evening, being still so coated with flour that their features could not be recognised.

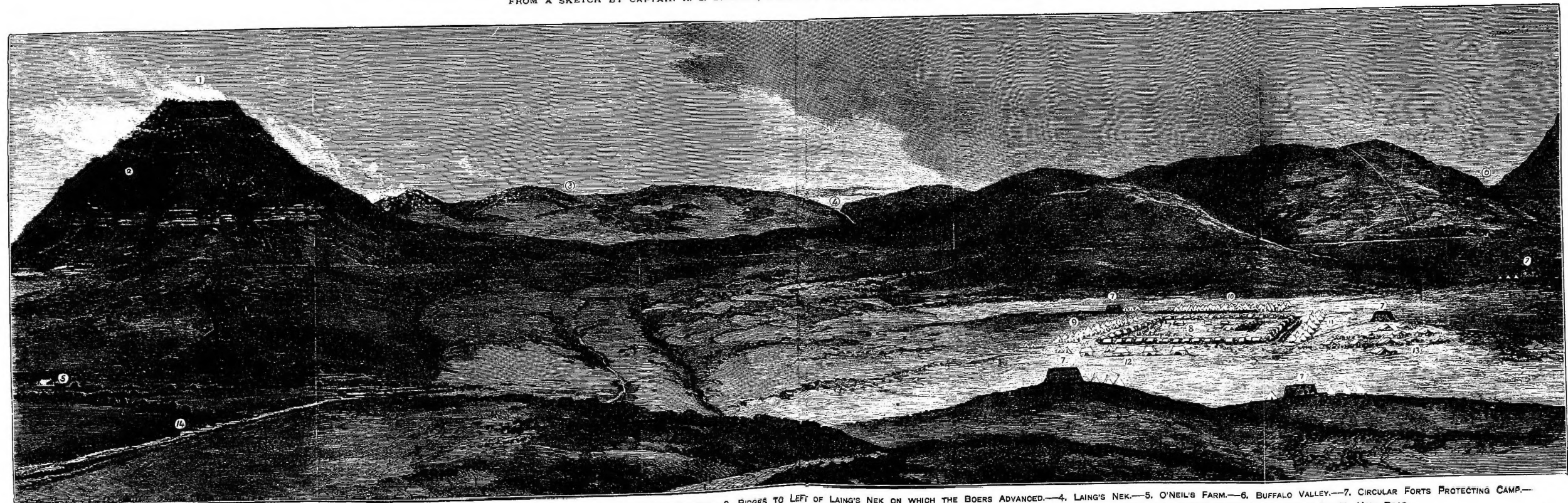
A STRING OF APPALLING PREDICTIONS FOR THE SEVEN YEARS, 1881—7, due to a certain Transatlantic Professor Grimmer, is detailed by the *Albany Sunday Press*. Owing to the four great planets—Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune, and Uranus—having been in perihelion in 1880, he prophesies awful disasters throughout the whole world, chief amongst which are the plague, or black death, during 1881—5, and two years of fire to follow, which shall cleanse the earth from the pestilence. Air and water shall alike be poisonous, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and all possible atmospheric disturbances will occur constantly, animal and fish food will be deadly, many parts of the world will be depopulated by disease, while civil strife and every kind of war and anarchy will prevail. Afterwards the earth will be surrounded by healthy electricity, and the whole world will prosper. The span of life will be twice as long as now, the ground doubly productive—in fact, the millenium will have come.

FIVE IMPORTANT PAINTINGS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL have been added to the Paris Louvre, where hitherto British Art has been comparatively poorly represented. They are "The Glebe Farm," by Constable; the "Halt," by Morland; "Brother and Sister," by Sir W. Beechey; "Woman in White," by Opie; and the "Watering Trough," by Mulready. The Louvre has also acquired a magnificent Jan Steen, "The Prodigal Son," and a "Country Fête," by Dirk Hals. Talking of Art in Paris, the Salon jury are reported to be particularly strict this year, having determined that their inaugural management shall not be disgraced by so large an amount of rubbish as was admitted last year. Nevertheless, they have asked for two additional rooms in the Palais de l'Industrie. M. Gustave Doré, owing to his mother's death, will exhibit no paintings, but will send a group of sculpture representing a Sister of Charity rescuing a sick woman from a burning hospital. In next year's Salon there will probably be two portraits of M. Gambetta, for M. Meissonier, as well as M. Bonnat, is working at a likeness of the President of the Chamber of Deputies.



1. POSITIONS OF 60TH RIFLES AND DISMOUNTED INFANTRY (THE WHOLE GROUND WAS USED AS COVER, THE HEIGHTS OCCUPIED BY OUR TROOPS).—2. 2. POSITION OF 9-POUNDER GUNS.—3. POSITION OF GENERAL COLLEY.—4. ROAD FROM INGOGO TO NEWCASTLE.—5. 5. DIRECTION OF NEWCASTLE.—
6. THE WHOLE GROUND OCCUPIED BY THE BOERS.—7. MAIN RIDGES OF DRakensBERG RANGE.

THE REVOLT IN THE TRANSVAAL—THE BATTLE OF SCHAINS HOOGTE, FEBRUARY 8 FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN R. C. BIRKETT, ASSISTANT INTELLIGENCE OFFICER AT HEADQUARTERS



1. SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN WHERE THE 92ND WERE POSTED.—2. SHORT BUSH AND ROCKS WHERE THE BOERS CREPT ROUND THE SUMMIT.—3. RIDGES TO LEFT OF LAING'S NEK ON WHICH THE BOERS ADVANCED.—4. LAING'S NEK.—5. O'NEIL'S FARM.—6. BUFFALO VALLEY.—7. CIRCULAR FORTS PROTECTING CAMP.—
8. WAGGON LAAGER.—9. CAMP OF THE 3RD BATT. OF 60TH REGIMENT.—10. CAMP OF THE 58TH REGIMENT.—11. ROYAL ARTILLERY AND NAVAL BRIGADE.—12. FIELD HOSPITAL.—13. 92ND HIGHLANDERS AND SQUADRON OF 15TH HUSSARS (INDIAN TENTS).—14. MAIN ROAD.

THE REVOLT IN THE TRANSVAAL—GENERAL COLLEY'S CAMP AND THE BATTLE OF MAJUBA HILL, FEBRUARY 27 FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN R. C. BIRKETT, ASSISTANT INTELLIGENCE OFFICER AT HEADQUARTERS



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—Athens has now replaced Constantinople as the centre of interest, and the official notification by the Powers of the result of their mediation with the Porte is eagerly awaited. This step has been delayed by the considerations under what form the decision should be presented, and which Power should take the lead. The Ambassadors recommended "collective" rather than "identical" action, as more likely to impress Greece with a sense of Europe's unanimity, and the Powers have accordingly decided to act in concert, and are said to have prepared a most sharply-worded Note. Meanwhile Greece did not wait to be formally told of the Turkish proposal. By some indiscretion the main points of the Ambassadorial deliberations leaked out, and M. Coumoundouros at once notified to the Greek representatives abroad that the solution was unacceptable, speedily following up his first Circular by a second of similar tone. Until, however, the formal proposal has been made, no official reply can be given, so that these resolutions can thus be subsequently modified; while, if M. Coumoundouros is too much committed to a warlike policy to draw back, he may possibly be replaced by M. Delyannis, who pleaded the Greek cause before the Berlin Congress, and is free to adopt a different line of conduct. It is difficult to gauge accurately the true Greek feeling amidst the conflicting rumours now prevailing; but, notwithstanding Athenian protestations and vigorous war preparations, it may be hoped from divers signs that Greece may yet listen to reason. Modified as the new proposed Turkish frontier has been by the Ambassadors, it now accords Greece the Turkish fort of Punta, on the Greek side of the Bay of Arta, and provides for the neutrality of the Bay and the razing of the Prevesa fortifications. Curiously enough, this line coincides closely with the old demarcation of classical times between Thessaly and Macedonia; while the territory thus gained by peaceful mediation is much larger than that obtained by the Danubian Principalities after a serious war. Greece can hardly expect increased concessions, and yet popular opinion holds steadfastly to the Berlin Conference line; while perhaps one of the greatest difficulties in the way of a peaceful settlement will be the disbanding of the troops, who, after having their hopes of conquest raised high, will probably give much trouble. The army is said to be in excellent condition, and showed to great advantage at a review held on Monday by King George, who, in order to lessen public excitement, prudently altered the date of the parade from Independence day, the 6th, and diminished the number of troops. The Chamber will be convoked on May 3rd, before which no definite step can be taken.

Turkey, having said her last word on this subject for the present, has been occupied with the rectification of the Turco-Persian frontier, and has accepted the suggestion of the British and Russian Ambassadors to cede the district of Khotour to Persia. There has also been a dispute with Mr. Goschen concerning the Black Sea Lifeboat Dues, which some British vessels refused to pay, but ultimately the offending ships were allowed to pass without payment pending a definitive settlement of the matter. Constantinople, however, has been most interested in the disaster at Chio, in Asiatic Turkey, where the chief town, Kastro, has been entirely destroyed by an earthquake. Other towns on the island, and several places on the opposite mainland, as well as the neighbouring islands, have also suffered, but not to the same extent as Kastro, where 600 stone houses are in ruins, and the surviving inhabitants are camping in the open air. Already 400 bodies have been found, and the loss of life is even estimated at 5,000; but trustworthy information is scarce, as the telegraph offices are destroyed. With unusual promptness the Sultan at once despatched steamers with money, provisions, and doctors, and the Hellenic Government intend to do likewise, as most of the inhabitants are of Greek origin, although they have been under Turkish rule since the War of Independence in 1822. Chio, by the way, claims to be the birthplace of Homer.

ROUMANIA is being gradually recognised as a Kingdom by the Powers, Turkey having been the first to acknowledge her.

FRANCE has at last made up her mind to interfere actively in Tunisian affairs. A tribe of Khroumirs, inhabiting the arid borderland between Tunis and the Algerian frontier have lately made numerous incursions on French territory, and on March 31st a serious conflict ensued with the French troops. The Khroumirs were repulsed, but as these disturbances are constantly recurring, France intends to despatch a strong punitive expedition, and has been forwarding men-of-war and troops to Algeria without delay. These preparations have re-awakened the slumbering disposition for a French protectorate of Tunis, as it has always been a favourite Gallic dream to extend the territory in North Africa, and the Paris Press are not backward to recommend a spirited policy. In Tunis also the French have long clashed with the Italians, and of late the smouldering antagonism has been fanned by the favour shown by the Bey to the Rubattino railway companies. France's action has alarmed Italy, where there is considerable excitement, and the matter has been brought before Parliament. The Italian Ministry protest that the French expedition is solely defensive, and that a solemn declaration to that effect has been made by the French Minister at Rome. The French Chambers have discussed and approved of the project, which has also M. Grévy's unqualified support. Hostilities are not likely to begin before next week. Another African trouble has been the disaster to the survey expedition for the Trans-Sahara railway, headed by Colonel Flatters, who, with many followers, has been treacherously murdered by a seeming friendly tribe, the Touaregs. Several of the survivors, who had escaped under M. Dianons, were subsequently poisoned by eating dates, and the remaining thirty were at the last news surrounded, with little hope of holding out.

Home affairs have thus been entirely put in the shade. The great battle over the *scrutin de liste* is deferred till after Easter, as the reporter of the Committee is not yet ready, and, though anxious to resign, has been allowed further time. Parliamentary proceedings have been solely of local interest. The quarrel between the Prefect of Police and the Paris Municipal Council has put the Government in an awkward dilemma, as the Cabinet will have to choose between deferring to the Council's resolution for M. Andrieux's resignation or entering upon a very serious conflict.

PARIS has been discussing the merits of M. Gounod's long-delayed *Tribut de Zamora*, which has been produced at the Grand Opera. The music appears to be of unequal merit, and, as a whole, not equal to M. Gounod's previous works, but the opera was most enthusiastically received, owing to the composer's popularity, the gorgeous mounting of the Moro-Spanish story, and the fine acting of Mlle. Krauss. Another theatrical novelty has been a dramatic version of M. Emile Gaboriau's "La Dégringolade" at the Château d'Eau, where, strange to say, this vehement denunciation of Imperialism was not highly appreciated. The theatre at Montpellier has been burnt down, but fortunately the performance was over, and no one was injured.

RUSSIA.—St. Petersburg is now under the control of a Council of Public Safety, whose twenty-five members, chosen from amongst the inhabitants, are to consult with the Prefect of Police respecting the condition of the city. The measure was announced with startling suddenness, the inhabitants being given only six hours' notice to

vote for a representative for each of the 288 sections of the capital, these representatives in their turn electing the members for the Council. Owing in some degree to the short notice, the citizens did not seem to take much interest in the matter, many abstaining from voting, but a fairly good choice has been made, and the members have been warmly received by the Emperor. This scheme is said to have been planned by the late Czar, and it will be curious to note how the St. Petersburgers will appreciate this small concession of self-government. At present there is not much sign of increased freedom. A chain of Cossack patrols invests the city, and no one can enter or leave without authorisation, while travellers arriving are subjected to strict inquiry, can only obtain conveyances by the aid of the police, and are bound to give their intended address. Still the Nihilists are not idle, and it is said that the Czar is constantly finding threatening letters, so that a special guard is to be formed to protect him. The trial of the late Czar's assassins, which was fixed for Thursday, will probably be further postponed, as another accomplice has been taken, Nikolas Kibalchich, a priest's son from Ekaterinoslav, who owns to the manufacture of the fatal bombs. All families of those killed or injured in conflicts against Nihilists will be provided for by the Russian Philanthropic Society, while the Slavophil Society have held a meeting to draw up an address to the Czar, begging him to have confidence in the people, who in their turn will trust him. General Tcherniaieff is one of the signatories, and will probably be appointed Governor of Orenberg, this appointment clearly showing the Czar's Slavophil sympathies. The Emperor and Empress have been present at another Requiem Mass for the late Czar, whose funeral, by the way, has cost the lives of Prince Ghika, the Roumanian Minister, and General Maidel, the Commandant of the Fortress, who have died from chills contracted during the obsequies. Some trouble has been given in the provinces by the refusal of the different sects of Dissenters to take the oath of allegiance in the Greek churches.

Russian relations with England are being widely discussed by the St. Petersburg press, who point to the close connection between the reigning families, and assert that now is the most propitious moment for an amicable agreement in Central Asia. General Skobelev's recall intimates that the Tekke Turcoman campaign is ended. General Rorberg will occupy the post of Commander for the present.

SOUTH AFRICA.—Protests against the terms of peace with the Transvaal Boers continue, and throughout Natal and Cape Colony indignation meetings are constantly held and addresses prepared asserting the humiliation of England and her loss of prestige. Cape Town has indulged in a vigorous demonstration against the British Cabinet, and even burnt Mr. Gladstone in effigy, while the loyalists complain bitterly of their treatment, fearing that the Boers will confiscate their property. In some cases this has already been done, and it is evident that the Boers, rendered insolent by their successes, are carrying matters with a high hand. The Hollanders of Utrecht declare that they will emigrate to the Dutch colonies rather than suffer Boer rule, while at Standerton the Boers looted property three days after peace was signed. Standerton, by-the-bye, held out bravely to the last, with a garrison of 350 regulars and 75 civilians. The enemy varied from 300 to 1,500, and closely invested the town buildings, keeping up a harassing fire. Reports have been circulated of fighting at Pretoria, in which the British were worsted, but the rumours proved false, and Sir Evelyn Wood is now on his way there. Sir Hercules Robinson leaves for Newcastle next week to attend the meetings of the Royal Commission.—The Cape Town Parliament is debating a resolution on the peace terms, and has expressed gratification at the cessation of hostilities. The Ministry have asked for two millions for war expenses.

GERMANY.—The plan of an International League against political refugees has found firm support in the Reichstag. Herr Windthorst's motion, requesting Prince Bismarck—who, by the way, is the prime mover in the affair—to begin negotiations with other countries for a restriction of the right of asylum to would-be regicides having been passed all but unanimously. The Social Democrats abstained, but even the Ultramontanes, no less than most of the advanced Radicals, supported Prince Bismarck, who has had several interviews with the Crown Prince on the subject. Abroad, however, the scheme does not seem to find much favour. AUSTRIA is rather cool about it, and in FRANCE the *République Française* also throws cold water on the plan. Returning to Germany itself, Prince Bismarck's "Labourers' Accident Insurance Bill," which aims at further bringing the working classes under State control, has been referred back to a committee for closer examination, and unless considerably altered does not appear to have much chance of success. It is supported by the Socialist party, who, by the bye are much excited about the prosecution of the *Freiheit* by the English Government. An interpellation respecting the prosecution was to be brought before the House on Thursday, and the *North German Gazette* has meanwhile been imputing various selfish motives to England for her action in the matter.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—The evacuation of Candahar will begin within a few days, as the new Governor, with an advance guard of Abdurrahman's cavalry, 1,500 strong, is close at hand at Robat, and 5,000 infantry are expected by Tuesday. The Afghan Governor, Mahomed Hassan Khan, son of the late Azim Khan, is a young man of twenty-five, hitherto unknown in native politics, and is accompanied by a chief adviser. All seems at present favourable to the Ameer in the surrounding country, for his representative has safely established himself at Girishk, where the neighbouring chiefs are very friendly, while the Herat envoys have failed to raise any supporters. Abdurrahman himself proposes shortly to come to Candahar, with a view to advancing against Herat, whence the reports of the mutiny against Ayoob vary considerably, one rumour declaring that his chief opponent, Hassan Khan, has been killed. Until, however, it is seen how Abdurrahman's rule is received in Candahar itself when the British have actually gone, more extended operations must remain in abeyance. General Hume held a farewell parade of the British troops before leaving, the men seeming in excellent condition, while the unusually cool weather is particularly favourable for the homeward march by the Thall-Chotiali route.

INDIA proper is still criticising her Budget, and considers that the opium revenue has been much undervalued, while blaming the crediting to the current year of the 3,000,000*l.* to be advanced by England in six years. Further it is remarked that while Mr. Baring recommends the encouragement of private enterprise, the Government enters into so many small commercial speculations as to greatly damage private trade. Besides the coming punitive expedition against the Waziris, a force will also be sent against another border tribe, the Bozdars, for similar depredations.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Severe floods in SPAIN have caused much suffering and disaster, particularly at and around Seville, where the railways are stopped, and the town so flooded that in many parts the inhabitants have to be removed in boats. Relief is fast being sent.—In ITALY the budget for the past year shows a surplus of about one million sterling, and the financial state of the country is declared to be most promising.—The rent excitement in the UNITED STATES increases rapidly, and the Anti-High Rent League of New York City intend to ask the Legislature for a Real Estate Valuable Commission, and violently denounce the landlords' intention of demanding an increase of 20 per cent. and 30 per cent. after May next as most oppressive to the poor. Chicago is equally demonstrative. The deadlock in the Senate continues, and the Republicans have caucused against their opponents.—Captain Boycott has arrived in New York, and was at once interviewed by reporters, to whom he stated that he had merely come to visit some friends, and did not intend to settle in the country.—There has been

an earthquake at CUBA.—A proposal that a British force should occupy Coomassie to maintain peace has been mooted at CAPE COAST, where it is thought the King of Ashantee would agree to the plan.



THE QUEEN has gone to the Isle of Wight for her usual spring visit. Before leaving for Osborne Her Majesty entertained the ex-Empress Eugénie at Windsor, Princess Beatrice meeting her at the railway station on Saturday afternoon. The Queen also gave audience to the Judge-Advocate-General, and had a small dinner party in the evening. On Sunday morning Her Majesty and the Princess attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where Dr. Butler preached, while the ex-Empress went to the Service in St. Edward's Chapel, Clewer. Prince and Princess Christian lunched at the Castle, and Prince Leopold arrived, the Prince afterwards accompanying the Princess Beatrice to the afternoon Service at St. George's Chapel, where they sat in the stalls of the Knights of the Garter. Next morning the ex-Empress left Windsor, Princess Beatrice going with her to the station, while in the afternoon Mr. F. C. Ford kissed hands on his appointment as Minister to Athens, and subsequently dined with the Queen, the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Earl and Countess of Lathom also joining the party. The Duke of Edinburgh lunched with Her Majesty on Tuesday, and later in the day the Prince of Wales arrived. On Wednesday the Prince and the Duke, with the Duke's children, who have been staying with the Queen, returned to town while Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice left Windsor for Osborne, where they arrived in time for lunch. The Queen will only remain in the Isle of Wight for a short time, and will then return to Windsor until the middle of May, when Her Majesty intends to spend a month in the Highlands.—The Queen's birthday will be generally kept on the actual anniversary, May 24th, excepting in London, where it will be observed on the 28th prox.

On their way home from St. Petersburg, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh spent Saturday at Berlin, where they paid and received numerous visits, and dined with the Crown Prince and Princess, the Emperor and Empress and Prince and Princess William being among the guests. They left again in the evening for Brussels, where they stayed Sunday evening to dine with the King and Queen of the Belgians, and on Monday crossed from Calais to Dover, having a very rough passage. Immediately after reaching London late on Monday night, the Prince and Duke called personally to inquire after Lord Beaconsfield, and spent some time with the doctors. On Tuesday the Prince held a Levée, and called on Lord Beaconsfield before leaving for Windsor, and next evening he dined with Earl Granville.—The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Edinburgh will remain for some time longer with the Russian Emperor and Empress at St. Petersburg.—The three young Princesses of Wales last week visited St. Paul's, and were shown the objects of interest in the Cathedral by Bishop Cloughton.

Prince Leopold on Saturday presided at the second meeting of the Committee for promoting the proposed Loan Exhibition of Spanish and Portuguese Ornamental Art. Thursday was the Prince's twenty-eighth birthday.—The infant daughter of Princess Frederica of Hanover and Baron von Pawel Rammingen was buried last week in the Royal vault of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in which rests the body of the little baby's grandfather, George V. of Hanover. Princess Beatrice was present at the ceremony.—The ex-Empress Eugénie is staying at Coombe Cottage, Kingston-upon-Thames, her new residence at Farnborough Hill not being ready. Probably the ex-Empress will not remove there before the end of the year, and will then erect a chapel close by to contain the remains of her husband and son.

The wedding of Prince Rudolph of Austria and Princess Stéphanie has been fixed for May 10th, somewhat earlier than had been anticipated, as the Princess's seventeenth birthday is not till May 21. The Belgian Royal family will arrive at Salzburg on May 5th, and will be escorted by Prince Rudolph to Schönbrunn, where they will stay till the wedding-day.



A REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND is now, according to the *National Church*, in course of formation, and will ere long be completed. Each Diocese will elect three members, three clerical and three lay, and the Council will thus consist of 180 members, whose first business will be to determine the duties which it is to discharge.

"ROMISH RITUAL IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND" is strongly protested against in a lay address which has just been sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It bears 22,000 signatures, including those of 4 dukes, 19 other peers, 10 lords, 26 M.P.'s, 6 ex-M.P.'s, 52 generals, 18 admirals, 102 officers of the Army and Navy, 191 magistrates, and 153 professional men. The memorialists call his Grace's attention to "the fact that the feeling of deep dissatisfaction with the present aspect of affairs is widespread, and that, whilst the toleration of diverging Ritual may for a time gratify a section of the people, it seems certain to alienate the affection of the masses, and to strengthen the hands of those who seek to destroy the established institutions of the country."

ASHBURNHAM HOUSE, Westminster, may yet perhaps be saved from demolition, the Dean and Chapter having offered to cede to the governing body of Westminster School in its stead a house in Dean's Yard adjoining that of the Headmaster.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT will not be published until May 17th, the delay being due to the difficulty of getting ready a sufficient number of copies to meet the enormous orders from publishers, both in this country and America. The preface, originally written by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, has been itself "revised," after having been submitted to each member of the company of revisers. A valedictory address to the Bishop, as their president, richly emblazoned, has received the name of all his colleagues. The Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society have resolved to defer their decision as to any measures to be adopted with reference to the New Version until it has been submitted to public examination.

THE CHAPLAINCY OF ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK, vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Benson, is to be the subject of a contested election. The candidates are the Rev. R. L. S. Cloquet, the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, both strong Evangelicals, and the Rev. W. Thompson, who has been for the past two years curate in sole charge of the parish.

THE BUTCHERS' FESTIVAL, which has for several years been an annual event at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, was held there on Monday under the presidency of Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P. Some

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thousands of journeymen butchers were first feasted in the lecture hall beneath the Tabernacle, and afterwards joined the public meeting, where addresses were delivered by Mr. Varley, Mr. Barnardo, Mr. Olney, and the Rev. C. Spurgeon, jun. Mr. Spurgeon himself, who was too ill to attend, sent a letter, in which he advised the "blues" to be true blue, and to follow the best leader—the Lord Jesus. They would do well to be moderate in all things, better if they became total abstainers from strong drink, and things, better if they had new hearts and were believers in Jesus. Mr. best of all if they had new hearts and were believers in Jesus. Mr. Varley's advice was scarcely so clerical. He offered "a reward of 5/- to any man who would help to the conviction of one of the 5/- skulking lazy thieves called bookmakers, who by means of gambling at the Meat Market extracted their hard-earned money from the men. If the latter would indeed knock half a dozen of them over he would gladly pay the fine which might result."

THE SALVATION ARMY.—One of the officers of the Salvation Army had an interview with the Home Secretary on Saturday, and acting on his advice the Basingstoke contingent on Sunday last began their march through the streets of the town, in order that a test case might thus be raised for the decision of a superior Court as to the law of public processions. There was no disturbance, but the police broke up the ranks of the Army, and some of the leaders have since been charged before the local magistrates. At Marylebone (London) some roughs have been fined for interfering with the Salvationists while on the way to hold a service in the Marylebone Theatre; and at Enniskillen the Salvation and Hallelujah Armies have been interfered with by both Protestants and Catholics, the town has been proclaimed, and one of the leaders of the "Army" arrested.



CRYSTAL PALACE.—The remarkably fine performance on Saturday of Mr. F. H. Cowen's Symphony in C minor (No. 3), by general agreement styled "The Scandinavian," not only confirmed but strengthened the favourable impression but recently created in St. James's Hall, when the author himself was at the conductor's desk. Mr. Manns took extraordinary pains, bringing out with clearness and due prominence all the characteristic effects of light and shade and colour, his orchestra following with unvarying precision every indication of the *bâton*, as if they, like their chief, took a personal interest in the well-going of the young English musician's last important effort. The result was another decided success. Herr Joachim, besides two movements from Spohr's sixth concerto, played in masterly style his own ingenious and fanciful variations upon a theme in E minor, heard with such pleasure a twelvemonth since, and with increased satisfaction now. This piece is a *bonus* for violinists of the first rank, who may now and then desire to exhibit their "virtuosity" through the medium of something shorter than a regular concerto in three developed movements. It is complete in itself, and interesting from beginning to end. Miss Edith Santley, who made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace on the present occasion in an air from Gounod's *Reine de Saba* and "Durch den Wald," the brightest of Mendelssohn's *Frühlingslieder*, came bravely through the ordeal. This young lady, with her sweet-toned voice and unaffected expression, only requires to shake off the timidity natural in so young an aspirant to become mistress of her resources, and thus surely, however gradually, to make her way. Mr. Frederic King, in an air from *Ernani* and "The Two Grenadiers," obtained well deserved applause. The impassioned outburst of Schumann to his opera *Genoveva* brought the concert to an end.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—On Saturday the quartet was Cherubini's No. 2 (in C), which has been heard much seldom than its fellows in E flat and D minor, first and third of the only published set. This is an arrangement for four stringed instruments of a symphony in D major, composed for and produced by the Philharmonic Society in 1815. As a quartet, though emphatically the work of a master, it cannot be compared in general interest with its immediate precursor. Nevertheless, it is fully entitled to be brought forward at intervals, if only to remind us that the "stern Florentine" also wrote quartets, and that there are three more, besides a quintet, from the same pen, which still, nearly forty years after his death, lie silent on the shelf. It was admirably executed, with Herr Ludwig Straus as leader. The pianist was Madame Schumann, who played her favourite Beethoven sonata in E flat, companion to the so-called (not by Beethoven) "Moonlight," besides joining Herr Straus and Signor Piatti in the same composer's D major trio, styled, by German musicians, "The Ghost Trio," because of the peculiarly grave character of its *adagio*. On Monday the clever, intelligent, and always welcome pianist, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, took part with Joachim, Straus, and Piatti in the admired G minor quartet of Brahms, which pleased as much as ever. For her solo displays Miss Zimmermann chose two pieces by Mendelssohn—his charming little sketch, entitled *The Rivulet*, which responds to its title so poetically, and a prelude with fugue in E minor, both early works, belonging to the period of the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. These were so well given that an "encore" was the result. The sensation of the evening was created by the *Chaconne*, with variations of J. S. Bach, incomparably executed by Herr Joachim. Although this was its twenty-fifth performance at the Popular Concerts, it was never listened to with livelier interest, nor did ever the Hungarian violinist throw more fire and enthusiasm into his task. The impression on the audience was extraordinary, and, as usual, Herr Joachim, unanimously recalled, was compelled to give another example from the exhaustless store of the profound old Leipzig Cantor. Madame Lavrovská, the vocalist of the evening, won marked approval by her singing of an air from Handel's *Semele*, a romance by Gounod, and a "Polish song" by Chopin, displaying in each a certain power of dramatic expression which would seem to fit her for the stage. The concert terminated with a performance of Mendelssohn's famous *Ottet*, in all respects so thoroughly excellent that it is but just to mention the names of every one of the players who followed the energetic lead of Herr Joachim—MM. Ries, Pollitzer, Wiener, Straus, Zerbini, Pezze, and Piatti. The last two concerts (40th and 41st) of the twenty-fourth season are announced for this afternoon and Monday evening—the 753rd concert from the commencement—fair proof that a public taste in London for chamber music, conventionally styled "classical."

LONDON MUSICAL SOCIETY.—This Association of Amateurs, now in its third year of existence, gave a concert at St. James's Hall on Saturday night, with a programme which, though brief, was for the most part of well sustained interest. It comprised the rarely performed "Dixit Dominus," of Leonardo Leo, contemporary with Handel, and one of the lights of the old Neapolitan school; the impressive setting of "By the Waters of Babylon" (Psalm 137), from the "posthumous" works of Hermann Goetz, and a "Magnificat" by Herr Silas, worthy of all praise. These, one and all, were extremely well rendered, the chorus being thoroughly efficient, the orchestra, led by Herr Pollitzer, equally so, and the conducting of Mr. Joseph Barnby to match. Among the solo singers were two amateurs, presenting more than ordinary claims to distinction—the Viscountess Folkestone and the Hon. Spencer Lyttelton—soprano and bass-barytone. The lady won merited distinction by

her finished delivery of the air, "If I think not on thee, Jerusalem," a conspicuous feature of Goetz's Psalm, the gentleman by his clear enunciation of the solo, "Daughter of Babylon." In Leo's "Dixit Dominus" the artistic singing of Miss Anna Williams was particularly noticed, her associates being Misses Wakefield and Jessie Jones, Mr. Charles Wade and the Hon. Spencer Lyttelton. Mr. W. Hodge presided at the organ. As a set-off to these specimens of pure sacred music, Max Bruch's violin concerto in G minor was introduced by Herr Emil Mahr.

CONCERT AT THE MANSION HOUSE.—The Guildhall Orchestra, by permission of the Lord Mayor, gave a concert in the Mansion House on Saturday afternoon, the result of which must have been highly gratifying to Mr. Weist Hill, their organiser and conductor, as well as to every member of the Guildhall School of Music, of which he is the valued principal. There was an orchestra of considerably over 100 performers, to whom a varied selection of pieces was confided, among them being Mendelssohn's *Meeresstille* overture, and the first movement of Schubert's unfinished symphony, both remarkably well executed. There were also solos for violin (with harp accompaniment), clarinet, and violoncello, besides four songs and a duet. We cannot enter into details, and must be content with this summary verdict of approval. Music is making rapid progress in the City, and sooner or later the "West End" will have to look to its laurels.

WAIFS.—The oratorio chosen for last night by the Sacred Harmonic Society was *Samson*; but about this, the fourth concert of the Philharmonic Society, at which *Romeo et Juliette* was to be repeated, the second concert of the Bach Society, and the performance of *The Martyr of Antioch* at the Albert Hall, under the composer's direction, in the presence of Royalty, we must defer speaking. It is satisfactory to learn that the "Twopenny Concerts" in Kensington Town Hall, projected by Mr. Ridley Prentice, with the object of providing musical entertainment (and no other stimulant) for the humbler classes, are successful. Twelve concerts have been given with the best results, and the series will be resumed in due time.—The *Betrogenen Kadi*, a comic opera by Gluck, produced at the Kärntnersthor Theatre, Vienna, in 1761, has been revived with success at the new Imperial Opera House.—Madame Adelina Patti has been severely called to task by the *Lauterne*, in consequence of a report that on the occasion of her last performance at the Théâtre des Nations she intends giving one of Wagner's operas. The remonstrance is absurd, seeing that the French concert-rooms, from the Conservatoire downwards, may be said to hold their lease of existence chiefly through the symphonies, overtures, concertos, &c., of the great German masters. Supposing the report to be exact, Madame Patti will even then have been forestalled by another foreigner—Sophie Cruvelli (Sofie Crüwell), a native-born Westphalian, who but recently at Nice organised a performance of *Lohengrin*, which took place shortly before the disastrous fire, herself sustaining the part of Elsa, which is supposed to be Madame Patti's desire to represent.—A statue of Beethoven is about to be erected in the Central Park, New York. If Beethoven could only have known it!



WHEN the present PRINCESS'S Theatre was building last year the great success of Mr. Charles Reade's version of *L'Assommoir* was fresh in the memory of frequenters of that house, and it was assumed, not without reason, that the new building was intended to be devoted chiefly to the romantic dramas for which its capacious stage arrangements render it especially fitted. The return to pieces of this class upon the termination of Mr. Booth's series of Shakespearean performances is, therefore, only what was to be expected; nor is there much reason to regret that poetical drama should give place to entertainments which, though of a lower kind, are still perfectly legitimate in their way. We have now in London probably quite as many theatres performing plays of literary value as the present state of the public taste would warrant; and there is no reason why the simpler-minded class of playgoers, who prefer incident to studies of character, like to be startled and excited, and enjoy "sensation" scenes, should not have their tastes duly provided for. Mr. Richard Lee's *Branded*, a play, in five acts, produced here on Saturday evening, is therefore not objectionable on the ground that it is, as the playbill expresses it, "a romantic spectacular drama of sensational interest." The real objection is that its interest is not maintained in that steady cumulative way which should always be the aim of the romantic dramatist. Mr. Lee—influenced no doubt by the advice of practical managers and actors, has been studious to bring within his acts—and especially near the ending of his acts—some event of a terrifying or strikingly picturesque character—and in this he is no doubt proceeding in strict accordance with precedent of the most approved kind; but these incidents do not arise regularly out of the action, helping its development and emphasising its essential features. They are on the contrary introduced with much elaboration and very obvious preparation, rather for their own sake than for any useful purpose they subserve. In *Michael Strogoff*, the latest success in the field of melodrama, horses are a prominent and a popular feature. The management, profiting by the hint, have ordered a liberal supply of horses—indeed, a too liberal supply, for they crowd the stage beyond its capacity, and hence become intractable. Besides this, they fulfil no object but that of empty pageantry, and have really no excuse for their appearance beyond the circumstance that the hero is a corporal in the Lancers in the French Army, and may therefore be reasonably supposed to have comrades on horseback going through evolutions while he is suffering from an unjust charge of burglary and murder. A more striking example still is the introduction of the well-known incident of a crazy building suddenly falling to pieces before the eyes of the spectators. It would be no doubt difficult to devise a mode of engrafting such a catastrophe on the story of *Branded*, the purpose of which is to show how a young soldier, unjustly condemned, escapes from prison by the connivance of his wife; how the wife, shot by the prison guard, only recovers to lose her senses till restored to them eighteen years later by meeting with her husband who has in the meantime risen to be a wealthy banker; and how the fugitive, being at last detected, his innocence is triumphantly established. Dilapidated buildings have clearly no natural affinity with such a plot as this; but Mr. Lee and the management will have their architectural catastrophe. Accordingly it is supposed that the young Lancer's wife falls into a trance, and, being assumed to be dead, is laid upon a bier in a little chapel over a vault in the cemetery at Toulon; and further it is contrived that this not substantial-looking building shall suddenly collapse with a loud clatter and much dust at the moment when the sleeper is awakened and rescued from her impending fate, together with her child, who is threatened by the knife of an old haridan. There seems reason to believe that something more than this was originally intended; for the playbill, summarising the events of the act, concludes with the words, "The Concussion! The Crash! Buried Alive!" Nothing, however, results from all this preparation; and the spectators are left rather puzzled than interested. Much applause was nevertheless

bestowed upon the exciting scenes of the play, and all might yet have been well but for the perverseness with which the author in his last act, introduces new personages, who overshadow the hero and heroine, and even contrive to place those personages in a humiliating and ludicrous position.

The play is, as regards the leading characters at least, very well acted. Mr. Henry Neville imparts to the character of the persecuted Lancer all the spirit and romantic colour which it demands, and in the part of the unhappy wife Miss Caroline Hill is not less successful. Then there is a terribly wicked wife or a wicked baker and canteen keeper, who is played with much force and picturesqueness by Mrs. Huntley. The audience were rather unkind to a Mr. Thomas, who really played with much sense or character the part of an old sexton of bibulous propensities; but the truth is that when the story ceases to lay hold of the sympathies the fact is apt to be visited on the heads of the unfortunate performers. Minor characters are sustained by Mr. Redmund, Miss Maud Milton, Mr. Frederick Archer, Mrs. Lyons, and others.

The LYCEUM Theatre will remain closed during Passion Week, but will re-open on Saturday next, when Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry will appear in a revival of *The Belle's Stratagem*.



THE TURF.—The old-fashioned meeting, as it is called, at Northampton, has been the chief Turf gathering held this week. Notwithstanding the cold east wind the assemblage was perhaps the largest ever seen on the course, and the county families attended, as they did in days of yore, in large numbers. The veteran Elsham Lad, who seems never tired of winning, opened the ball by taking the Castle Ashby Stakes, in which Old Templar, who has fared but ill lately, could only get third. The Althorp Park Stakes, which is associated with some of the best two-year olds on the Turf, the Rake for instance among many others, fell to Sir George Chetwynd's Comely, who, however, did not start so good a favourite as Isabel, who was once more trusted by, but disappointed, her party, as she had done at Lincoln and Liverpool. Sir George Chetwynd, who now seems to be earning the title of the "lucky" rather than the "unlucky" Baronet, followed up his success by taking the Spencer Plate, which is a kind of Hunt Cup, and always attracts a large field of speedy horses. On this occasion there were eighteen starters. The talent were pretty clever in their picks, as the winner, Qenone, was made first favourite, and Eastern Empress and Golden Eyes, who ran a dead heat for the second place, were among those most freely backed. St. Augustine was the only one of the favourites with Fetterless, who made no show in the race. Sun of York, who has deceived his friends many a time, and is by many dubbed a rank imposition, won the Northamptonshire Cup, but this he certainly would not have done had not Crystal and Cavendish Square run out of the course. On the second day the house of Rothschild was in the ascendant, Mr. Leopold winning the Fawsley Park Handicap with Fetterless, and the Auction Stakes with Bulbul, while Baron A. de Rothschild took the Great Northamptonshire Stakes with Commandant. For this event, which is always one of the chief features of the meeting, only three went to the post, but it was a splendid race between the winner and Schoolboy, who it may be remembered ran very well in last year's Cesarewitch.—The City and Suburban market has been rather active of late, and is now headed by Prestonpans, who is probably about the best four-year-old we have in training. Peter, notwithstanding his ignominious display at Lincoln, holds his place at 15 to 1, and Petronel continues to be backed. Buchanan, the Lincoln winner, seems now to be left out in the cold.

FOOTBALL.—This pastime is getting very slack as the spring advances, and almost the only game to be noted since our last is that played on Saturday, the 2nd inst., between the Stock Exchange and "Commerce" (Rugby Union). A large number of spectators gathered at the Half-Moon Grounds, Putney, to witness it, and the game—a capital one—with sixteen players a-side—ended in a draw.—The most interesting game of the season will, in the opinion of, perhaps, the majority of lovers of football, be that between the Old Etonians and Old Carthusians, which will take place at the Oval on Saturday afternoon, the 9th. The Old Etonians have for many years been one of the strongest teams contesting the Challenge Cup, but the general impression seems to be that the Old Carthusians will win the trophy on this occasion.

AQUATICS.—The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, to come off on Friday next, will doubtless attract an enormous crowd as heretofore, especially of the working and "idle" classes, and of those engaged in business in the City, whom the early hour of 8.30 will suit very well. The incidents of the practice on the London waters have been meagre in the extreme, and the weather generally very unfavourable for the crews. From the first Oxford have been the favourites, and will probably continue so down to the start.

COURSING.—At the recent Plumpton Meeting, which is the last important gathering of the season, the Trial Stakes were won by Mr. J. H. Crosborough's Barcarolle, and the Winding-Up Stakes by Mr. T. Howe's Who Pays beating Lord Haddington's Honey Buzzard.



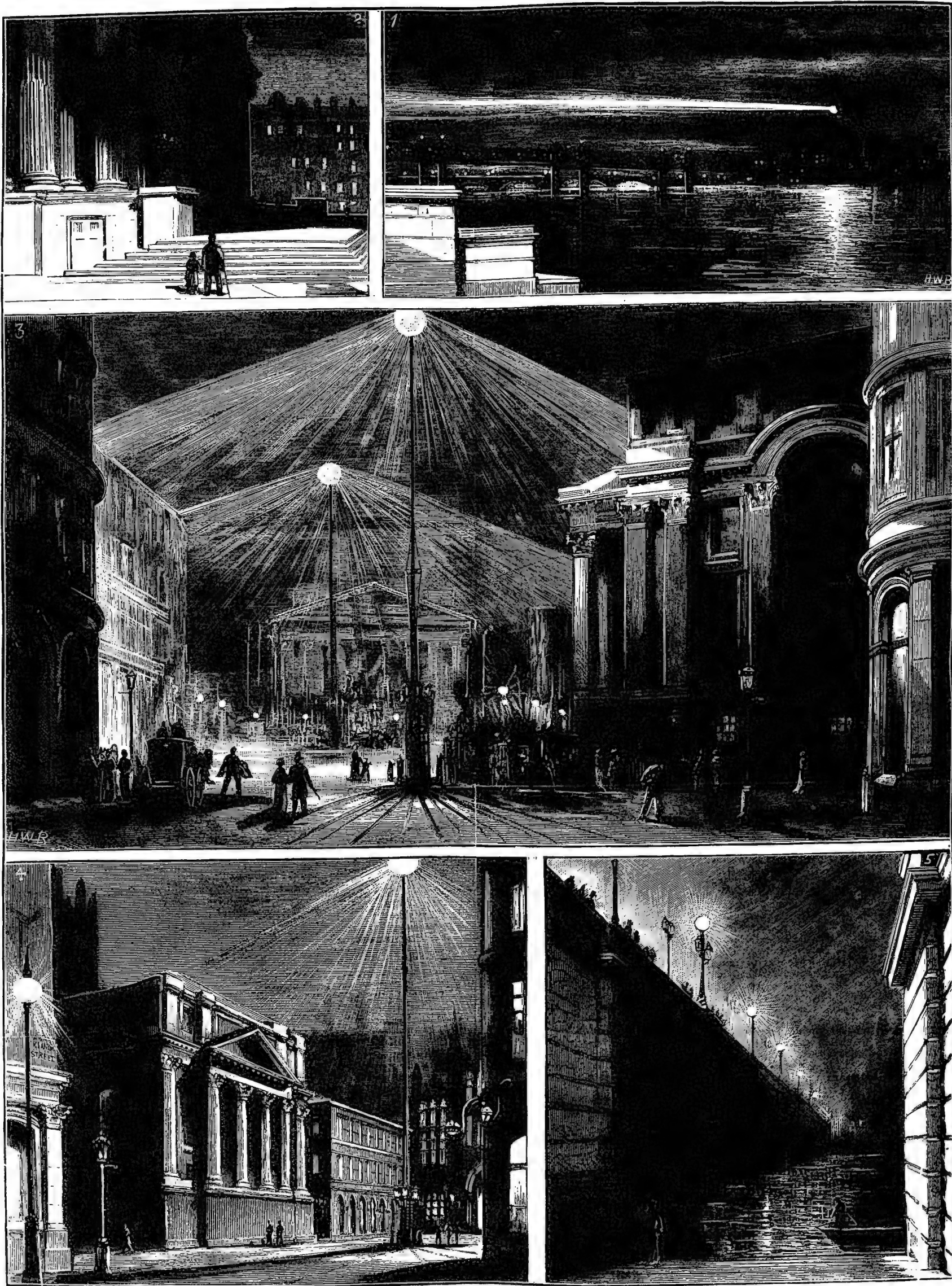
THE SPIRITUALIST CASE.—The Trial of Susan Wills Fletcher for defrauding Mrs. Hart-Davies of 10,000*l.* worth of jewellery was commenced at the Central Criminal Court on Tuesday, before Mr. Justice Hawkins. The indictment was very voluminous, containing a number of counts. Mr. Montagu Williams, in opening the case for the prosecution, said that the prisoner's husband and "Colonel" Morton, who were included in the indictment, were believed to be in America, and therefore the police had been unable to execute the warrants which had been issued for their apprehension. Mrs. Hart-Davies was the first witness called, and her examination occupied the remainder of that day and the whole of Wednesday and was continued on Thursday.

A CHARGE OF FORGERY of a promissory note for 1,600*l.* has been brought by the proprietors of the Royal Bank of Ireland against Sir Walter Nugent, Bart., and Lady Nugent, of Donore, Multyfarnham. Sir Walter, whose defence is that Lady Nugent committed the forgery, and that he was not responsible, has been remanded without bail pending the arrest of her ladyship.

ARCHDEACON DUNBAR has commenced a prosecution for perjury against William George Boynett, the Verger of St. Andrew's, Tavistock Place, who was one of the witnesses against him in the recent divorce suit of Dunbar v. Dunbar.

LEGAL EDUCATION AT CAMBRIDGE.—The Board of Legal Studies of the University of Cambridge have received from the committee of the George Long Memorial Fund an offer of 500*l.* to provide a prize or medal for the candidate in the Law Tripos most

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1. The Great Brush Light as seen from the Thames Embankment, near Northumberland Avenue.—2. Effect on the Steps of St. Paul's Cathedral (Brush).—3. The Royal Exchange and the Mansion House (Siemens).—4. At the Guildhall (Siemens).—5. London Bridge (Siemens).

ELECTRIC LIGHTING IN THE CITY



DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

He took my hand and held it.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW DURDANS WAS ILLUMINATED

WHILE these things were proceeding, Lord Chudleigh being still absent from Durdans, I received a second letter from the doctor.

After the usual compliments to Mrs. Esther, he proceeded to the important part of his communication :—

"For your private eye only."

"I have to tell you that yesterday I saw and conversed with Lord Chudleigh. He sought me in order to find out, if possible, the name, character, and condition of a certain person. I refused to grant him that information, I also assured him that he would find it impossible to break the alliance with which I had provided him. This I did with the greater pleasure, having heard from a sure source that he hath lately paid addresses to you of so particular a kind as to make the whole company at Epsom Wells believe that they mean honourable proposals. I presume, therefore, that could he destroy the evidence of his former marriage he would be prepared to offer his hand. This is every way better than I could expect or wish, because when the moment arrives for informing him of the truth, I can point out to his lordship that his opinion and mine of what a wife should be exactly agree. Our triumph will then be complete."

Our triumph! This was what he called it. I was to be the consenting party to inflict shame and humiliation upon my lord.

This was too much. Humiliation for him? Why, it was for myself, and my whole thoughts were how to save him, how to set him free. The doctor expected me to triumph over him. Why, what did he know of a woman in love? To triumph over a man for whose dear sake she would lay down her life to save her lover from humiliation!

It was certain to my heart that my lord already felt for me that warmth of affection which impels a man to make a woman his wife. I was sure of this. I was so sure that I already gave myself in imagination entirely to him, and placed his interests above my own.

In short, before I ventured to confess the fact to myself, and before he spoke to me—for as yet he had said no word except in compliment and common gallantry—I loved him. There was, for me, but one thing wanting to make me happy; there was, for me, nothing to think of, to hope for, to pray for, but the welfare of that one man. And to such a woman did the doctor send such a letter, proposing that I should join him in covering the man I loved with shame and indignation. Would I thus let him choose the moment to confess my shameful sin? Would I assist in covering the man I loved with confusion, who would have clothed him in purple and placed a chain about his neck, and helped him to ride forth in bravery and triumph? Forbid the thought, kind Heaven! Oh, that a man should have such a mind, so thick and cloudy as not to perceive that no woman but the basest and worst could join a conspiracy so hateful! Unhappy girl, to be made the victim of a plot in which the punishment would fall upon herself, while the wickedness would

rest with the man who devised it, and he against whom the plot was designed would be its sole avenger!

I resolved to be beforehand with the doctor. I would myself choose the time; I would tell him all: I would assure him that, innocent as I had been in intention, I would never, never seek to assert any rights over him; that he was free, and could go seek a wife where he pleased. Ah! should he please to go elsewhere, it were better had I never been born.

Then, whatever moment I might choose for the confession, I could think of none which could be chosen as favourable to myself. I might write to him. That would be best; I would write: for how could a girl bear to see that face, which had always looked upon her with kindness and affection, suddenly grow hard and stern, and reproach her for her great wickedness with looks of horror and indignation? It seemed better to write. But, for reasons which will presently appear, that letter was never written.

My lord returned. He called upon us next forenoon, and informed us, looking grave and downcast, that he proposed to hold his garden-party in Durdans Park on the next day. People had come from Vauxhall to decorate the trees, and there would be fireworks, with supper, and concert of horns.

I asked him, deceitfully, if his business in London had prospered. He replied that it had not turned out so favourably as he hoped: and then he checked himself, and added that, to be sure, his affairs were of no interest to us.

Said Mrs. Esther:

"Your lordship will not, I hope, believe that anything which contributes to your happiness is so indifferent to us."

He bowed, and we began to talk again about his *fête*. His invitations included all the visitors of respectability at Epsom. Nancy, out of pure kindness, had gone about inquiring of everyone if he was invited; and, if not, she got him an invitation at once. We did not, indeed, include the tallow-chandlers and hosiers of London, who frequented Epsom that year in great numbers, but took up their own end of the Assembly Rooms, and mostly walked on the New Parade. But we included all who could claim to belong to the polite world, because nothing is more humiliating than to be omitted from such a festivity at a watering-place. I have known a lady of fashion retire from Bath in mortification, being forgotten at a public tea, and never again show her face at that modish but giddy town.

The company were to assemble at five o'clock, the place of meeting being fixed in that part of Durdans Park most remote from the mansion, where the great trees of birch and elm make such an agreeable wilderness that one might fancy oneself in some vast forest. We were escorted by Sir Miles Lackington, who came because all his brother gamblers had deserted the card-room for the day; and Mr. Stallabras—Solomon—was dressed in another new coat (of purple), and wore a sword with a surprisingly fine hilt. He also had a pair of shoe-buckles in gold, given him by his female Mæcenas, the widow of the brewer, in return for a copy of verses. He was greatly elated, never before having received an invitation from a person of such exalted rank.

"Now, indeed," he said, "I feel the full sweetness of fame. This is, Miss Kitty, to be a poet. His society is eagerly sought by the Great: he stands serene upon the giddy height of fashion, ennobled by the Muses (who possess, like our own august sovereign, the right of conferring rank): he takes his place as an equal among those who are ennobled by birth. No longer do I deplore that obscurity of origin which once seemed to shut me out of the circles of the polite. Fetter Lane may not be concealed in my biography: it should rather be held up to fame as the place in which the sunshine of Apollo's favour (Apollo, Miss Kitty, was the sun-god as well as the god of poets, which makes the image appropriate)—the sunshine of Apollo has once rested during the birth of a humble child. It was at Number Forty-one in the second pair back, a comendous garret, that the child destined to immortality first saw the light. No bees (so far as I can learn) played about his cradle, nor did any miracles of precocious genius foreshadow his future greatness. But, with maternal prescience, his mother named him Solomon."

All this because Nancy made Lord Chudleigh send him an invitation! Yet I doubt whether his lordship had ever read one of his poems.

"It is a great blessing for a man to be a poet," said Sir Miles, smiling. "If I were a poet I dare say I should believe that my acres were my own again. If I were a poet I should believe that luck would last."

"Does the name of Kitty cease to charm?" I asked.

Yes, it was true: Sir Miles had lost his five hundred guineas, won of the nabob, and was now reduced to punt at a guinea a night. This hardship made him melancholy.

"Yet," he said, plucking up, "if I cannot play, I can drink. Why, my jolly poet," slapping Solomon on the shoulder, "we will presently toast Miss Kitty as long as his lordship's champagne lasts."

Mrs. Esther said that she saw no reason why, because one vice was no longer possible another should take its place.

"Madam," said the baronet, "it is not that I love one more than the other. When the purse is full, Hazard is my only queen. When the purse is empty, I call for the bowl."

In such converse we entered the park, and followed in the procession of visitors, who flocked to the place of meeting where, under the trees, like another Robin Hood, Lord Chudleigh stood to receive his guests.

Kind Fortune has taken me to many feasts and rejoicings since that day, but there are none to which my memory more fondly and tenderly reverts; for here, amid the sweet scent of woodland flowers, under the umbrageous trees, while the air of the Downs, fragrant and fresh, fanned our cheeks, my lord became my lover, and I knew that he was mine for ever, in that sweet bond of union which shall only be exchanged by death for another of more perfect love, through God's sweet grace. Ah, day of days! whose every moment lives eternally in our hearts! Sometimes I think that there will hereafter be no past at all, but that the sinner shall be punished by the ever-present shame of his sins, and the saints rewarded by the continual presence of great and noble thoughts.

Horns were stationed at various parts of the park, and while we drank tea, served to us at rustic tables beneath the trees, these answered one another in lively or plaintive strains. The tea finished, we danced to the music of violins, on a natural lawn, as level as a bowling-green, which seemed made for the feet of fairies. After an hour of minuets, the country dances began, and were carried on until sunset. Then for a while we roamed beneath the trees, and watched the twilight grow darker, and presently rose the great yellow harvest moon.

"In such a scene," said Solomon, who was discoursing to a bevy of ladies, "man shrinks from speaking: he is mute; his tongue cleaves to his palate"—at all events, the poet was mute—"here Nature proclaims the handiwork of the Creator." He tapped his forehead reflectively.

Great Nature speaks: confused the sceptic flies;
Rocks, woods, and stars sing truth to all the skies.

All the while the concert of the horns charmed the ear, while the romantic aspect of the woods by night elevated the soul. When we returned to our lawn we were delighted and surprised to find coloured lamps hanging from the trees already lit, imparting a look most magical and wonderful, so that we cried aloud for joy. Nor was this all: the tables were laid for supper with every delicacy that our noble host could think of or provide.

Everybody was happy that evening. I think that even Peggy Baker forgot her jealousies, and forgave me for the moment when Lord Chudleigh gave as a toast, the "Queen of the Wells," and all the gentlemen drained a bumper in honour of Kitty Pleydell.

While the supper went on, a choir of voices sang glees and madrigals. Never was party more enchanting: never was an evening more balmy: never were guests more pleased, or host more careful for them.

After supper more lamps were lit and hung upon the trees: the violins began again, and country dances set in.

Now while I looked on, being more delighted to see than to dance—besides, my heart was strangely moved with what I now know was a presentiment of happiness—Lord Chudleigh joined me, and we began to talk, not indifferently, but, from the first, gravely and seriously.

"You will not dance, Miss Kitty?" he asked.

"No, my lord," I replied; "I would rather watch the scene, which is more beautiful than anything I have ever dreamed of."

"Come with me," he said, offering me his hand, "to a place more retired, whence we can see the gaiety, without hearing too much the laughter."

They should have been happy without laughing: the cries of merriment consorted not with the scene around us.

Outside the circle of the lamps the woods were quite dark, but for the light of the solemn moon. We wandered away from the noise of the dancers, and presently came to a rustic bench beneath a tree, where my lord invited me to rest.

It was not so dark but that I could see his face, which was grave, and unlike the face of an eager lover. There was sadness in it and shame, as belongs to one who has a thing to confess. Alas! what ought to have been the shame and sadness of my face?

"While they are dancing and laughing," he said, "let us talk seriously, you and I, Miss Kitty."

"Pray go on, my lord," I said, trembling.

He began, not speaking of love, but of general things: of the ambition which is becoming to a man of rank: of the serious charge and duties of his life: of the plans which he had formed in his own mind worthily to pass through the years allotted to him, and to prepare for the Eternity which waits us all beyond.

"But," he said, sadly, "we wander in the dark, not knowing which way to turn: and if we take a wrong step, whether from inadvertence or design, the fairest plan may be ruined, the most careful schemes destroyed."

"But we have a guide," I said, "and a light."

"We follow not our leader, and we hide the light. Addison hath represented life under the image of a bridge, over which men are perpetually passing. But the bridge is set everywhere with hidden holes and pitfalls, so that he who steps into one straightway falls through and is drowned. We are not always drowned by the pitfalls of life, but, which is as bad, we are maimed and broken so, that for the rest of our course we go halt."

"I pray, my lord," I said, "that you may escape these pitfalls, and press on with the light before you to the goal of your most honourable ambition."

"It is too late," he said, sadly. "Miss Kitty, you see in me the most wretched of mortals, who might, I would sometimes venture to think, have become the most happy."

"You wretched, Lord Chudleigh?"—oh, beating heart!—"you wretched? Of all men you should be the most happy."

"I have tried," he said, "to escape from the consequences of a folly—nay, a crime. But it is impossible. I am fast bound and tied." He took my hand and held it, while he added: "I may not say what I would: I may not even think, or hope, or dream of what might have been."

"Might have been, my lord?"

"Which cannot, now, ever be. Kitty, I thought after I discovered that it was impossible that I would not return any more to Epsom Wells: in the country, or away on foreign travel, I might in time forget your face, your voice, your eyes—the virtues and graces which sit so well in a form so charming—the elevated soul—"

"My lord! my lord!" I cried, "spare me—Yet," I added, "tell me all that is in your mind. If I cannot rid you of your burden, at least I may soothe your sorrow."

"The matter," he replied, "lies in a few words, Kitty. I love you, and I may not ask you to be my wife."

I was silent for a while. He stood before me, his face bent over mine.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because I have been a fool—nay, worse than a fool, a knave; because I am tied by bonds which I cannot break: and I am unworthy of so much goodness and virtue."

"Oh," I cried, "you know not. How can you know? I am none of the things which you imagine in me. I am a poor and weak girl; if you knew me you would surely think so too. I cannot bear that you should think me other than what I am."

"Why, my angel, your very modesty and your tears are the proof that you are all I think, and more."

"No," I cried. "If I told you all: if I could lay bare my very soul to you, I think that you could"—I was going to add, "love me no longer," but I caught myself up in time—"that you could no longer think of me as better, but rather as worse, than other girls."

"You know," he said, "that I love you, Kitty. You have known that for some time—have you not?"

"Yes, my lord," I replied, humbly; "I have known it, and have felt my own unworthiness. Oh, so unworthy, so unworthy am I that I have wept tears of shame."

"Nay—nay," he said. "It is I who am unworthy. My dear, there is nothing you could tell me which would make me love you less."

I shook my head. There was one thing which I had to tell. Could any man be found to forgive that?

"I came back here resolved to tell you all. If I could not ask for your love, Kitty, I might, at the very least, win your pity."

"What have you to tell me, my lord?"

It was well that the night was dark that my face could not be seen. Oh, tell-tale cheeks, aglow with fear and joy!

"What have you to tell me?" I repeated.

"It is a story which I trust to your eyes alone," he said. "I have written it down. Before we part to-night I will give it to you. Come"—he took my hand again, but his was cold—"come, we must not stay longer. Let me lead you from this slippery and dangerous place."

"One moment"—I would have lingered there all night to listen to the accents of his dear voice. "If you, my lord, have a secret to tell me, I also have one to tell you."

"Nay," he replied. "I can hear none of your pretty secrets. My peace is already destroyed. Besides," he added desperately, "when you have read what I have written you will see that it would be idle to waste another thought upon me."

"I will read it," I said, "to-night. But, my lord, on one promise."

"And that is?"

"That you will not leave Epsom without my knowledge. Let me speak with you once more after I have read it, if it is only to weep with you and to say farewell."

"I promise."

"And—oh, my lord! if I may say it—since your lordship may not marry me, then I, for your sake, will never marry any other man."

"Kitty!"

"That is my promise, my lord. And perhaps—sometimes—you will give a thought to your poor—fond Kitty."

He caught me in his arms and showered kisses upon my cheeks and lips, calling me his angel and a thousand other names, until I gently pushed him from me, and begged him to take me back to the company. He knelt at my feet and took my hand in his, holding it in silence. I knew that he was praying for the blessing of Heaven upon my unworthy head.

Then he led me back to the circle of lights, when the first person we met was Miss Peggy Baker.

"Why, here," she cried, looking sharply from one to the other, "are my lord and Miss Pleydell. Strange that the two people we have most missed should be found at the same time—and together, which is stranger still."

Nancy left her swains and ran to greet me.

"My dear," she whispered, "you have been crying. Is all well?"

"I am the happiest and the most unhappy woman in the world," I said. "I wished I were in my bed alone and crying on my pillow;" and she squeezed my hand and ran back to her lovers.

My lord himself walked home with us. We left before the party broke up. At parting he placed in my hand a roll of paper.

"Remember," I whispered; "you have promised."

He made no answer, but stooped and kissed my fingers.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW MY LORD MADE HIS CONFESSION

IT was not a long manuscript. I kissed the dear handwriting before I began.

"To the Queen of my Heart," it began.

"DEAREST GIRL,

"Since I first had the happiness of worshipping at your shrine I have learned, from watching your movements, listening to your voice, and looking at your face, something of what that heavenly beauty must have been like which, we are told, captivated and drove mad the ancients, even by mere meditation and thought upon it." Did ever girl read more beautiful language? "And by conversations with you, even in the gay assembly or on the crowded Terrace, I have learned to admire and to love that goodness of heart which God hath bestowed upon the most virtuous among women. I say this in no flattery or desire to pay an empty compliment, but sincerely, and out of the respect and admiration, as well as the love, which I have conceived for one who is, I dare maintain, all goodness." Oh, Kitty, Kitty! to read this with blushing cheeks and biting conscience! Surely it must make people good to be believed good; so that, by a little faith, we might raise and purify all mankind!

"It is my purpose to-night, if I find an opportunity, to tell you that I am the most wretched man in the world, because by a fatal accident, of which I must presently force myself to speak, I am forever shut out from the happiness which it was, I believe, the intention of a merciful Providence to confer upon me. Yet am I also fortunate, and esteem myself happy in this respect, that I have for once in my life been in the presence of as much female beauty and virtue as was ever, I believe, found together in one human soul. To tell you these things, to speak of my love, is an alleviation of suffering. To tell the cause of this unhappiness is worse than to plunge a knife into my heart. Yet must it be told to your ear alone.

"Last year, about the early summer, a rumour began to run through the coffee-houses that there was a man of extraordinary wit, genius, and humour to be met with in the Liberties, or Rules, of the Fleet Prison. These Rules, of which you know nothing"—oh, Kitty! nothing!—"are houses, or lodgings, lying in certain streets adjacent to the Fleet Market, where prisoners for debt are allowed, on payment of certain fees, and on finding security, to reside outside the prison. In fact they are free, and yet being, in the eyes of the law, still prisoners, they cannot any more be arrested for debt. Among these prisoners of the Rules was a certain Reverend Gregory Shovel, a man of great learning, a Doctor of Divinity of Cambridge, a divine of eloquence and repute, once a fashionable preacher, who, being of extravagant and luxurious habits, which brought him into expenditure above his means, at last found himself a prisoner in the Fleet; and presently, through the influence of friends, was placed in the enjoyment of the Rules.

"Here, whether because he had exhausted the generosity of his friends, or because he craved for action, or for the baser purposes of gain, he became that most unworthy thing, a Fleet parson—one of a pestilent crew who go through the form of marriage for all comers, and illegally bind together for life those whom Heaven, in mercy and knowledge, had designed to be kept asunder.

"I believe that, by his extraordinary ability and impudence, coupled with the fact that he really was, what his rivals chiefly pretended to be, a clergyman of the Established Church of England and Ireland, he has managed to secure the principal part of this nefarious trade to himself, and has become what he has named himself, 'the Chaplain of the Fleet.'

"This person attracted to himself, little by little, a great gathering of followers, admirers, or friends. No one, I suppose, could be the friend of one who had so fallen; therefore the men who thronged to his lodgings, nearly every night in the week, were drawn thither by the fashion of running after a man who talked, sang, told stories, and kept open house in so desperate a quarter as the Fleet Market, and who yet had the manners of a gentleman, the learning of a scholar, and the experience of a traveller.

"It was for this reason, solely for curiosity, that on one fatal evening last year I entreated Sir Miles Lackington, a former friend of my father and myself, to present me to the doctor. He was once, though perhaps the fact has not been made known to you by him, also a prisoner of the Rules. To this had he been brought by his inordinate love of gambling, by which he had stripped himself, in six months, of as fine an estate as ever fell to the lot of an English gentleman, and brought himself to a debtor's prison. Sir Miles, who, when he could no longer gamble, showed signs of possessing virtues hitherto unsuspected in him, offered, on the occasion of borrowing a few guineas of me, if I wished to spend an evening with the doctor, as he is called, to conduct me to the house which this doctor either owns or frequents.

"I am not a lover of that low humour and those coarse scenes depicted by Mr. Fielding and Dr. Smollett. I do not delight in seeing drunken men sprawl in the gutter, nor women fight upon Fleet Bridge, nor bears baited, nor pickpockets and rogues pilloried or flogged. But I was promised something very different from these scenes. I was to meet, Sir Miles told me, a remarkable man, who could narrate, declaim, preach, or sing a drinking song, just as he was in the vein.

"I accepted the invitation, the strangeness of which affected my curiosity rather than excited my hopes. I was to witness, I thought, the spectacle of a degraded wretch who lived by breaking the law, for each offence being liable to a penalty of not less than a hundred pounds. It would be, I expected, such a sight as that which the drunken Helot once presented to the virtuous Spartan youth.

"We made our way through a mean and filthy neighbourhood, by the side of a market heaped with cabbage-stalks, past houses where, through the common panes of green glass set in leaden frames, one might see a rushlight or a tallow candle feebly glimmering, for a crew of drunken men to shout songs and drink beside.

"The room into which I was led opened off the street, and was of fair proportions, but low. In it was a table, at the head of which, in a vast wooden chair, sat a man who looked, though perhaps he was not, the biggest man I had ever seen. Some tall men have small hands, or narrow shoulders, or small heads; Dr. Shovel is great all over, with a large and red face, a silk cassock, a full and flowing wig, clean bands, and a flowered morning-gown very large and comfortable.

"He seemed struck with some astonishment on hearing my name, but presently recovered, and invited me to sit at his right hand. Sir Miles sat at his left. The room was pretty full, and we found that the evening had already begun by the exhaustion of the first bowl of punch. The guests consisted of gentlemen who came, like myself, to see and converse with the famous doctor, and of prisoners who, like Sir Miles, were living in the Rules.

"As the punch went round, the talk grew more jovial. That is to say, the talk of the doctor, because no one else said anything. He talked continuously; he talked of everything. He seemed to know everything, and to have been everywhere. When he was not talking he was singing. At intervals he smoked a pipe of tobacco, which did not interrupt his talk; and he never ceased sending round the punch. I found that the visitors were expected to provide this part of the entertainment.

"I am sure that the kindest-hearted of women will believe me when I tell her that I am no drunkard. Yet there are times when, owing to the foolish custom of calling for toasts, no heeltaps, and a brimming glass, the most careful head may be affected. Nor can I plead inexperience in the dangers of the bottle, after three years at St. John's, Cambridge, where the Fellows of the Society, and the noblemen and gentlemen commoners on the Foundation, and the noblemen and gentlemen commoners on the Foundation, drank freely at every college feast of the college port and the punch sent up from the butteries. I had been like other young men, but in the dissolute Liberties of the Fleet.

"The atmosphere of the room was close and hot, with the smell of the tobacco and the fumes of the punch-bowl. Presently I found that my eyes were beginning to swim and my head to reel. I half rose to go, but the doctor, laying his hand upon me, cried, with a great oath, that we should not part yet.

"By this time Sir Miles was lying with his head on the table. Some of the guests were lying on the floor; some were singing, some crying, some kissing each other. It was, in short, one of those scenes of debauchery which may be witnessed whenever a party of men meet together to drink. I sat down, it was plain that I could not escape from these hogs without myself becoming a hog. I sat still, therefore, while the doctor still talked, still laughed, still waved his monstrous great hand in the air as he talked, and the punch still went briskly round among the few who sat upright.

"In the morning I was awakened by no other than my host of the preceding evening, in whose bed I had spent the rest of the night, unconscious.

"He stood over me with grave face, and, in reproachful accents, asked me how I fared and for what purpose I had come to him? I was still half drunk; I could not remember for what purpose. He assisted me to dress; and then, because I could not stand, he gave me a mug of small ale with which to clear my brain.

"Being thus partly restored to my senses, I listened while he answered his own question and told me why I had come to him.

"You came," he said, "to be married."

"I stared. He repeated the words.

"You came to be married."

"It seems incredible that a man should hear a statement so utterly false and not cry out upon the liar. Yet I did not. My brain was confused, that is my excuse. Also, this great man seemed to hold me like a wizard, while he held up his forefinger and, with wrinkled brow, shook it in my face.

"You came to be married."

"Good heavens! What did this mean? I was drunk, horribly drunk the night before—I could not remember—so drunk was I—how I came to the house, with whom, with what intent.

"She waits below," he told me.

"She? Who?"

"He gave me his arm to support me down the stairs. I descended, curious and agitated. I remember a figure with a hood. While I looked, this Chaplain of the Devil began the Marriage Service, his eyes still fixed on me while he recited, and seemed to read.

"When he had finished I was married.

"After we had signed a book he gave me another great mug of ale, which I drank to the bottom.

"Then, I suppose, I rolled over, and was carried upstairs, for I remember nothing more until the evening, when I was again awakened by this rogue and common cheat, who, sitting by my bedside, congratulated me calmly on the day's work.

"I will not go on to tell you all the things he said. I discovered that in some way, I know not how, but can guess, my father had once done this man an injury. This conspiracy was his revenge.

"Who was my wife?"

"He would not tell me.

"What was her position, her birth, her name? Was she some wretched creature who would be bought off to keep silence while she lived, although she was a thing to be ashamed of and to hide? Was she some person who could trade on her title, parade her infamy, and declare herself to the world as Lady Chudleigh by her lord's marriage in the Fleet? A hundred things I asked. He would give me no reply.

"Her name? I had forgotten it. The register? It had been put away. I seemed to know the name, somehow; yet it escaped me. In the night it came back to me in a dream; yet in the morning it was gone again. Once, after my first evening with you, the name came to me once more in a dream; yet it was gone when I awoke, and I could remember no other name than yours. It is nearly a year ago. I know not yet whom I married. She hath made no sign. Yet know I full well that the day will come when she will confess herself and demand acknowledgment.

"One hope remains, that the marriage is not valid. It is a slender hope, for the man is an ordained clergyman of the Established Church. I am going to London to see him, to implore his pity, to humble myself if necessary.

"It is of no avail. I have gone. I have humbled myself, and then, flying into the opposite extreme, I have cursed him. He enjoyed both the wrath and the humility.

"I have no longer any hope; I have taken the advice of my lawyers, who tell me that an Act of Parliament alone can set me free; this Act—how can it be got when I do not know the name of the woman?"

"Even if there were any reasonable chance that so dreadful a place could produce a woman of virtue and honour, which there is not, I could never look upon that woman with any but feelings of loathing and horror. For not only is her idea black beyond compare, but my heart is full, and will remain for ever full, of Kitty Pleydell.

"Strange to say, as I wrote the words, it seemed as if I had touched at last the chord of memory. The name was on my lips. No—it was an illusion; I have forgotten it again, and can only murmur Kitty Pleydell, sweet Kitty, divine Kitty, on whom may all the blessings of Heaven rest for ever!"

(To be continued)



THE hero who gives his name to "Harold Saxon: a Story of the Church and the World;" by Alan Muir (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), is one of those uncomfortable young men who go into the Church apparently for no better reason than to discover that its beliefs and traditions are insufficient to satisfy their own great minds. As if that were not trouble enough—and no doubt the sensation of intellectual solitude conveys at least as many consolations as any other form of vanity—he manages to be in love with one woman, to engage himself to a second, and to meditate eloping with a third, all at the same time. He delivers Unitarian sermons in an Evangelical Proprietary Chapel, and altogether rides so many horses at once, theological and amatory, that it is no wonder he should become a little muddle-brained. But he is a good sort of fellow in the main, with a better heart than head, so it is some relief to find that the two ladies whom he loved the least turned out, one to be secretly married to a lunatic, the other to be an Indian

grass-widow, so that he was able at last to devote the whole of his hopeful and valuable career to the third. The novel, which is really a very clever one, has an object, which is the exposure of indirect Simony: and certainly if any parish in England were likely to fare quite so badly at the hands of patrons, purchasers, and their agents as Great Axmouth, Alan Muir's case would be proved. Her chief weakness is that she over-colours. In like manner she throws no discredit upon the fashionable cant of Pessimism and Agnosticism by making these the creed of a raving and dangerous madman. Her opponents might retort that lunacy is pretty evenly distributed among holders of all creeds, and that there are many Agnostics and Pessimists who are as cool-headed and as cool-hearted as Donoughmore O'Brien was the contrary. The great merit of this curious romance consists in the scraps of wit with which it is freely sprinkled—a very odd sort of salt for a melodrama built upon the unpromising subject of Simony. It is real, unforced wit, and is alone enough to make "Harold Saxon" worth reading. But it is not enough to save the novel from being very often outrageously absurd. "Harold Saxon" does not stand alone in exemplifying that wit and humour, cleverness and sense, are qualities which tend to exclude one another.

"Braemar; or, Two Months in the Highlands," by "L. R. L." (2 vols.: Samuel Tinsley and Co.), belongs, in the main, to the flotilla of small craft which sail in the wake of Miss Rhoda Broughton. It need hardly be said, therefore, that the heroine tells her own story in the present tense, and with irritating airs of mock humility and self-conscious simplicity; that she has a foolish, frivolous, and disagreeable sister; and that she falls in love with a rude, jealous, and sullen boor, apparently for the sole reason that he devotes himself to bullying and insulting her. In these, as well as in having plenty of bodily strength and wonderful eyes, he is almost the model of a hero of his school; his only drawbacks are that there are one or two touches of real manliness about him. The story is the old comedy of a rich man's pretending to be a poor tutor in order to win a great heiress for himself alone, and then revealing himself in all his glory. Of course it is not a usual way of spending two months in the Highlands, or anywhere else; but "L. R. L." cannot be held responsible for its invention. A considerable part of the novel is devoted to gushing ecstasies over the scenery which Gladie, or Gladys, the heroine, enjoys with infinite self-approval for her poetry and patriotism, and is flavoured with little snatches of rapture over the Royal neighbourhood of Balmoral. Of course there are some odd bits of English, to be pardoned where a young lady is supposed to be telling her own love story; but when even a heroine speaks of the form of her own nostrils as being "too subtle," and of a "rolling, barcarole voice," she makes us fancy that her lover, while engaged as tutor to her and her brothers, must have neglected his duty inexcusably. Nevertheless the harmless nonsense of which "Braemar" chiefly consists has all the liveliness which is the one merit of its school, and is well calculated to attract a very large number of sympathetic readers.

On the other hand, it is impossible to predict much external sympathy for "Under Sun and Moon," by A. Montgomery Ellis (3 vols.: Newman and Co.). It is simply extraordinary that an author, with ability enough to write a story at all, should not, before putting pen to paper, pause to consider whether his story is capable of being made interesting or agreeable by means of the utmost skill. Genius might possibly have elevated Mr. Ellis's story into burlesque; less than genius is certainly unable to cope with its dull and barren improbability. Motiveless murders, causeless madness, impossibly unnatural revenge, form the class of incidents which are set in an atmosphere of vulgarity which the most moderate power of reproducing the ordinary manners and customs of ladies and gentlemen should have enabled Mr. Ellis to avoid. The suggested revival, by a surgeon, of a man who had been hanged for murder is not more preposterous in a novel of our own time than the promiscuous and chronic kissing which forms its chief social feature. Mr. Ellis may not be aware that no surgeon ever yet mended a broken neck, or probably ever will; but he might have known that a certain amount of social courtesy has survived the ancient and less effectual methods of hanging. Some sharply-pointed scraps of talk are insufficient to compensate for the perverse demerits of "Under Sun and Moon."

"A Fair Barbarian" (1 vol.: Warne and Co.), by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, best known as the authoress of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," is a too slight but exceedingly happy sketch of a pair of well-contrasted heroines. One of them, Octavia Bassett, is a charming girl from Nevada, who startles the English town of Stowbridge from its immemorial slumbers. The whole is such a mere sketch as to leave little room for criticism, beyond the statement that it is very good as far as it goes—bright, well-written, and pleasant to read. But we trust that it is not becoming the fashion to make the half-sketch of a single character do duty for the more characteristic qualities of the better sort of English fiction. Some American novelists have discovered a literary method that is only too facile; and, in this instance, Mrs. Burnett has too obviously yielded to its temptations.



SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

THE present exhibition at the Suffolk Street Gallery will be found somewhat above the average of recent years. Besides numerous examples of competent executive skill, it contains a few works by some of the recently elected members displaying a considerable amount of originality and artistic invention. Of these the first we meet with is a vivacious scene of mediæval monastic life, called "A Visit from Brother Dominic," by Mr. W. Dendy Sadler, in which a party of jovial Franciscans, who have evidently not neglected the duties of hospitality, are seen escorting their guest, a portly Dominican, on a fishing expedition. As regards colour and keeping the picture is excellent, and it is not less remarkable for its artistic moderation and freedom from exaggeration than for the sense of humour and power of characterisation which it displays. Mr. L. C. Henley's large picture of "Martin Luther Singing in the Streets of Eisenach," though imperfect in many ways, is refreshingly simple and unconventional in treatment; there is great earnestness of expression in the face of the youthful Luther, and in that of the quaintly-attired lady who is listening to him, but the imperfect drawing of the hands, and the entire absence of tone and atmosphere in the distance, detract much from the value of the work.

Among the younger landscape painters, none has made a more striking advance in his art than Mr. Yeend King. In "Pleasant It Was When Woods Were Green" he has depicted a scene of great natural beauty with appreciative skill. The rich and varied tints of the luxuriant foliage, and their reflections in the placid water, are equally beautiful and true. An agreeable sense of serenity and repose pervades the picture, due in a great measure to the harmonious manner in which its different elements are combined. A smaller picture by this artist, "Le Puit," is very picturesque in character, and painted with great breadth and force. Mr. W. H. Bartlett's "Waiting for the Turf Boat: West Coast of Ireland," is a very able work, remarkable alike for the accurate manner in which the natural forms are drawn and the vivid impression of bright sunlight which it conveys. Mr. J. E. Grace's "A Pond With Weeds About It" is full of the most elaborately wrought detail;

and P. Macnab's "The Village Bridge" is true to nature, and painted in a broad and simple style. By Mr. J. W. B. Knight there is a picturesque garden scene, "A Vale of Peace," sombre in tone and harmonious; and by Mr. W. L. Wyllie two small studies, "A Fair Wind" and "The Busy River," both strongly suggestive of light and movement. There is a great deal of freshness and vigour in the large picture, "Waiting for the Boats," by Mr. E. Ellis, but it wants the harmonising influence of tone; the local tints are too intense, and the transitions of light and dark too violent and sudden.

The pictures by the older members of the Society present few features of novelty. Mr. J. Peel's "Cyffing Fall, Capel Curig," Mr. J. Hayllar's "Dinner Hour," Mr. A. Clint's "Off the Casketts," and Mr. R. J. Gordon's "Autumn Morning" have the characteristic qualities with which their painters have long made us familiar. Mr. J. J. Hill sends a large group of mother and child, "Happiness," rather weak and vaporous in effect, but full of natural rustic grace; and Mr. A. J. Woolmer a large composition, "Ophelia," in his usual fantastic style. Sir John Gilbert, an honorary member, contributes a capital little picture of a subject that he has often treated, "Sancho Panza, Governor of Barataria," and there are a few pictures by other well-known artists not belonging to the Society, including a spacious sea view, "On the Move," by Mr. H. Moore, and a humorous picture, by Mr. J. D. Watson, of an old soldier energetically searching his pocket for a coin to pay "The Reckoning." Among a large number of meritorious works of small size, by young and comparatively unknown painters, may be mentioned "Barren Land," by G. F. Munn, "The Edge of a Wood," by J. S. Hill, "A Breezy Day in Holland," by A. G. Bell, and "A River Scene," by Eugène Pavay.



II.

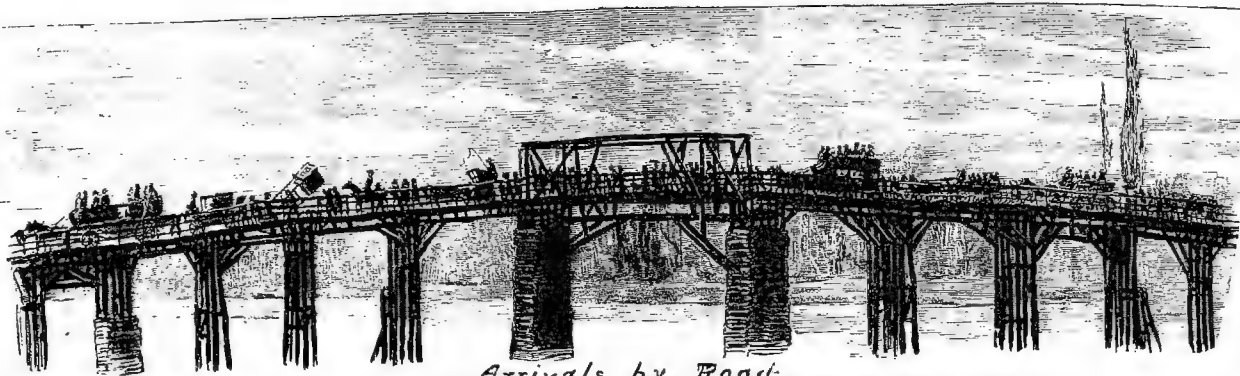
"THE MILITARY IMPOTENCE OF GREAT BRITAIN," by Capt. Kirchhammer, of the Austrian Staff, is the most striking—shall we add the most unpleasant?—article in a somewhat dull number of the *Nineteenth Century*. That our land and even our sea forces are inadequate to our position as a first-class Power; that Europe knows this better than we do, and rates our hostility accordingly; and that the first shock of battle, when it comes, will reduce the world-wide Empire to two small islands; are the three points at which Capt. Kirchhammer labours in detail with the cold-blooded friendliness of a surgical operator. To some of his arguments exception may be not unfairly taken. The strictures on our naval weakness pre-suppose something like a hostile coalition. The defensive strength of our larger colonies and their attachment to the Old Home are undoubtedly underrated. Nor will many Englishmen readily admit that in the event of that invasion, which the writer deems so feasible, militia and volunteers will prove as useless as M. Gambetta's last "new formations" in the winter of the Franco-German war. On the whole, however, the writer shows very forcibly that calculations based (as our military calculations still are essentially) on precedents of the last war with France, are completely out of date in the face of existing Continental armaments; while incidentally he lets us see that even a policy of non-interference will not save us, for "wherever the spirit of enterprise spreads its wings it encounters the resistance of Great Britain—the Farmer-General of the profits of the world." Capt. Kirchhammer, we should say, is among those who believe that a good war (*ein tüchtiger Krieg*) every fifty years or so is not only to be expected, but on many high moral grounds to be desired.—In "Business of the House of Commons" Lord Sherbrooke blends pessimistic comment on the un-wisdom of baffling Obstruction for a time by Parliamentary *coups d'état*, instead of permanently by introduction of the *clôture*, with good suggestions for expediting business by cutting down a number of superfluous—first readings for instance, putting and answering questions orally, &c.—which in days of printing and rapid communications no longer have a sufficient *raison d'être*.—Mr. Matthew Arnold's airy critical "Incompatibles" plays lightly round rather than probes the Irish difficulty, though doubtless his three P's—Philistinism, Pedantry, and Puritanism—still do much, and have done more, to make harmony between the two races almost hopeless. The proposal to expropriate bad landlords by Royal Commission as the monks were expropriated long ago can hardly be taken quite *au sérieux*.

Yet Mr. Morley's graver "England and Ireland," in the *Fortnightly*, runs very much in the same groove of thought. Although hoping much from a good Land Bill, even though it has been preceded by what extremest Liberals consider a deplorable Coercion Act, Mr. Morley does not affect to believe that any Land Reform will be sufficient in itself. Ireland will still be estranged so long as it is governed in accordance with the prevailing ideas of the English middle classes. Only when we have made room for "an independent and spontaneous growth of Irish civilisation along its own lines" will the sister country cease to trouble us, and perhaps, even *faute de mieux* accept us willingly as a partner. But how is this consummation to be achieved? Must Mr. Morley, too, be numbered with the Home Rulers?—Among other good articles we have only space to mention "Fruits and Seeds," by Sir J. Lubbock, a captivating account of the "beautiful contrivances" by which plants diffuse their seeds to vast distances, or even, as in the case of certain clovers, sow them in the ground; and Dr. Hueffer's "Modern Italian Poets," a paper touching rather superficially upon an interesting subject, but sufficiently commendable were it only for its notice of Corducci, chief of young Italian realists.

In the *Contemporary* a short paper by J. J. Muskett on "The Boers at Home," while drawing a much more favourable picture than we have latterly been accustomed to receive of these sturdy Puritans of the African desert, protests strongly on behalf of English interests against the bestowal of "premature independence" on any portion of the Cape Dominion.—M. Lenormand, in his "Turkey and Greece," expresses little faith in the Greek army and its commanders, and briefly dismisses King George himself as "in no sense a ruler of men," though one who, if his "career had not been marred by acceding to a throne, might have become the first of diplomatists.—An elaborate examination of "Prince Bismarck's Compulsory Insurance," by the Rev. W. L. Blackley, arrives at the conclusion that such a scheme must "degrade and pauperise the people amongst whom it is introduced."

Blackwood's political article is this month somewhat tame. It would almost seem as though the writer shrank from discussing "the great renunciation" of the Transvaal.—"Freaks of the Telegraph" is instructive as well as amusing. People forget that the telegraph knows not punctuation; that words are represented by dots and dashes; and that there is but a step from abbreviation to indistinctness. So they "wire," for instance, "Send both; thanks," instead of "Thank you, send them both," and are surprised to find the clerk has read the message "Send both back."—A pretty paper on Vallombrosa gives incidentally a sombre view of the changed fortunes of the poor around a great "expropriated" monastery.

Mrs. Oliphant's *Macmillan* paper, "Thomas Carlyle," is much the best that has appeared this month on the subject; less for its criticism than for its wonderfully graphic recollections of the Carlyles, by one of the most intimate of their latter-day friends—recollections full in themselves of infinite pathos, and completing and explaining very much which has startled readers in the recent

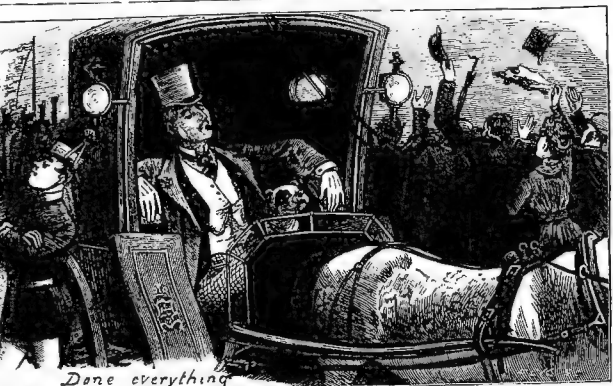


Arrivals by Road

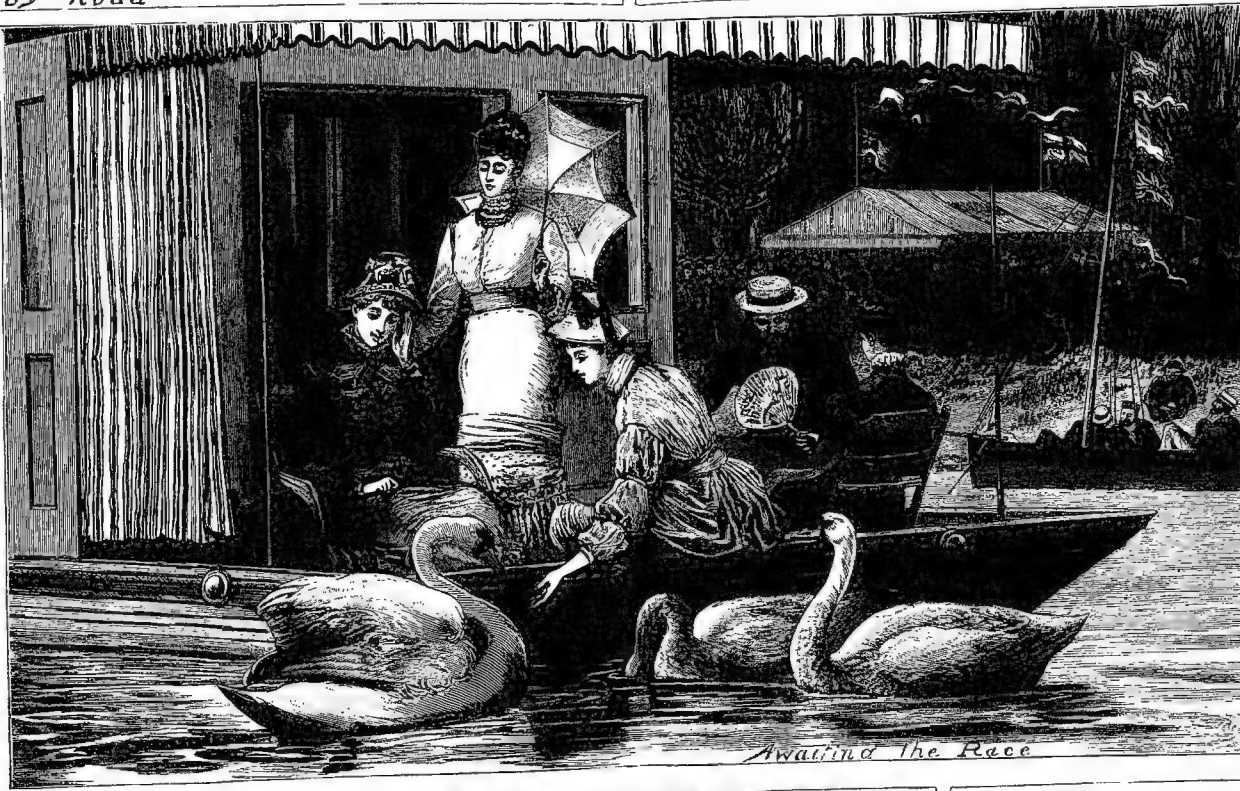


Arrivals by Water

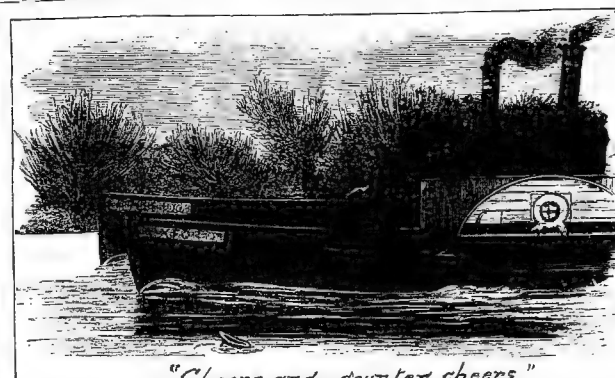
J. C. D. H. M. A. T. V.



Done everything



Awaiting the Race



"Cheers and counter cheers"



Doing the thing properly



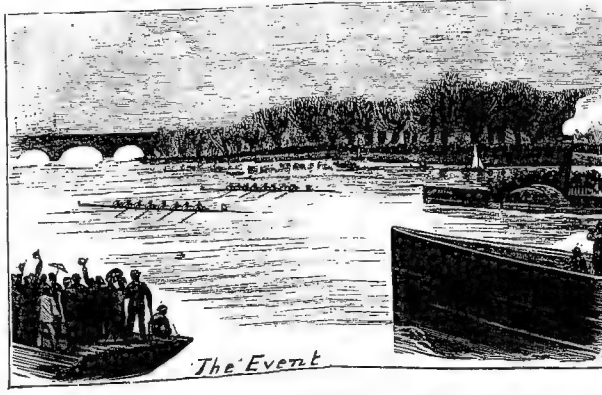
The Majesty of the Law



Al! — the physique of young men is not what it was in my time



"Take both colours, and — Short the winter of"



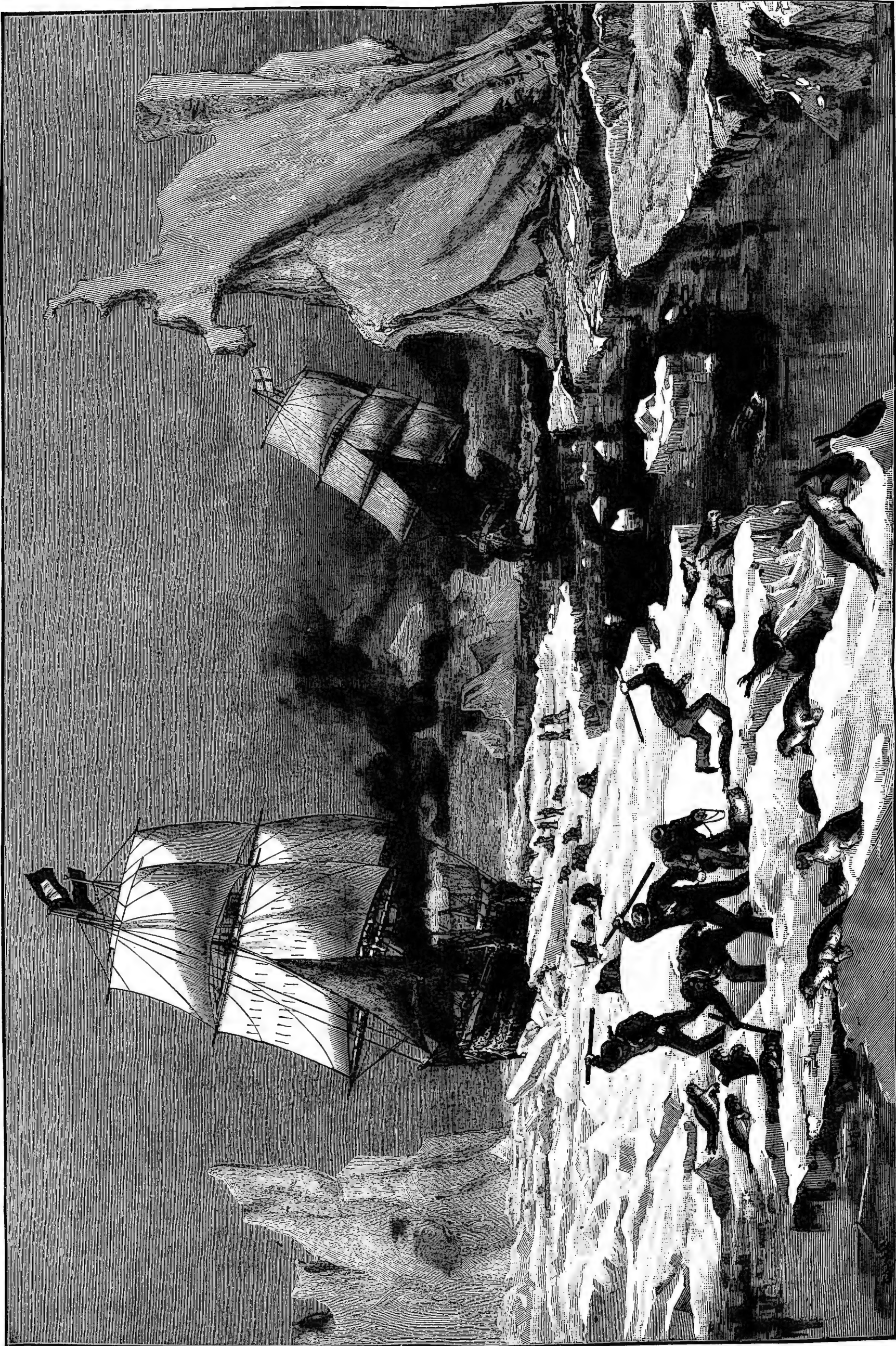
The Event



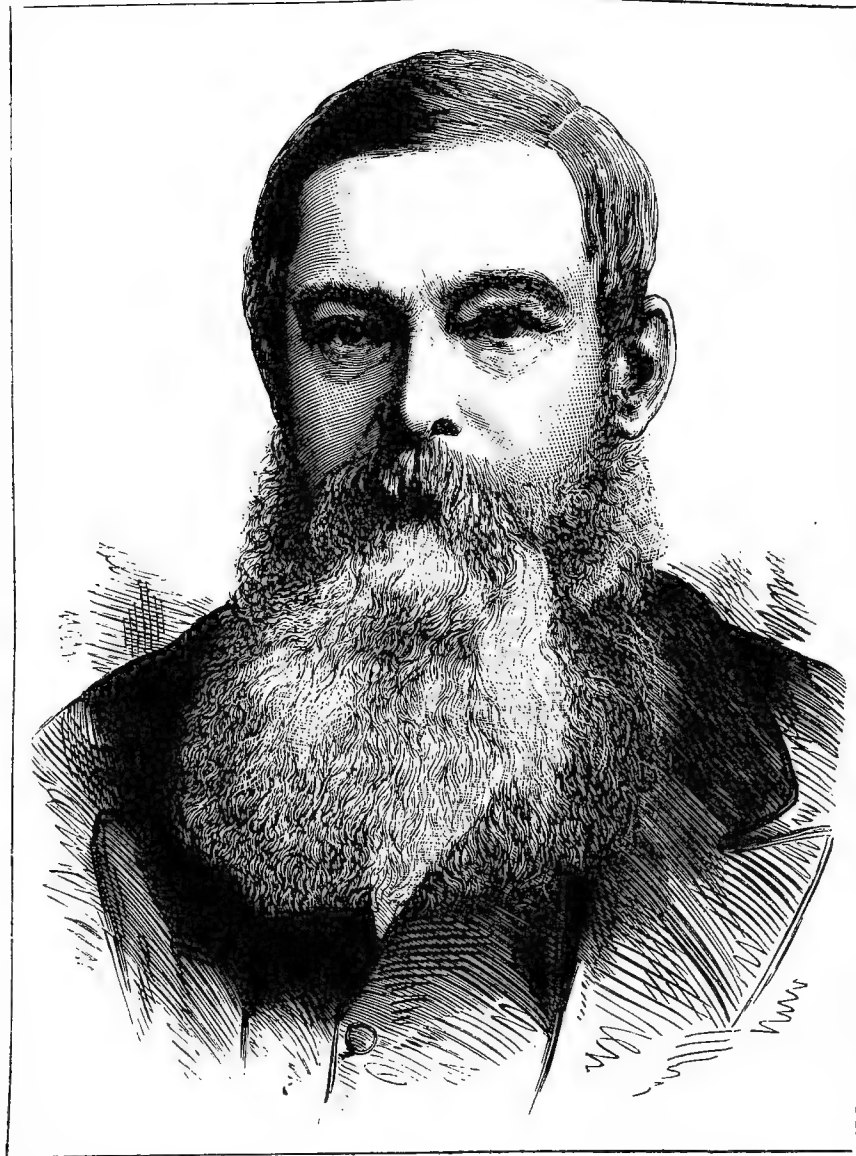
Sympathy for Cambridge "Such a becoming colour!"



Nothing to do after the Race? Nonsense!

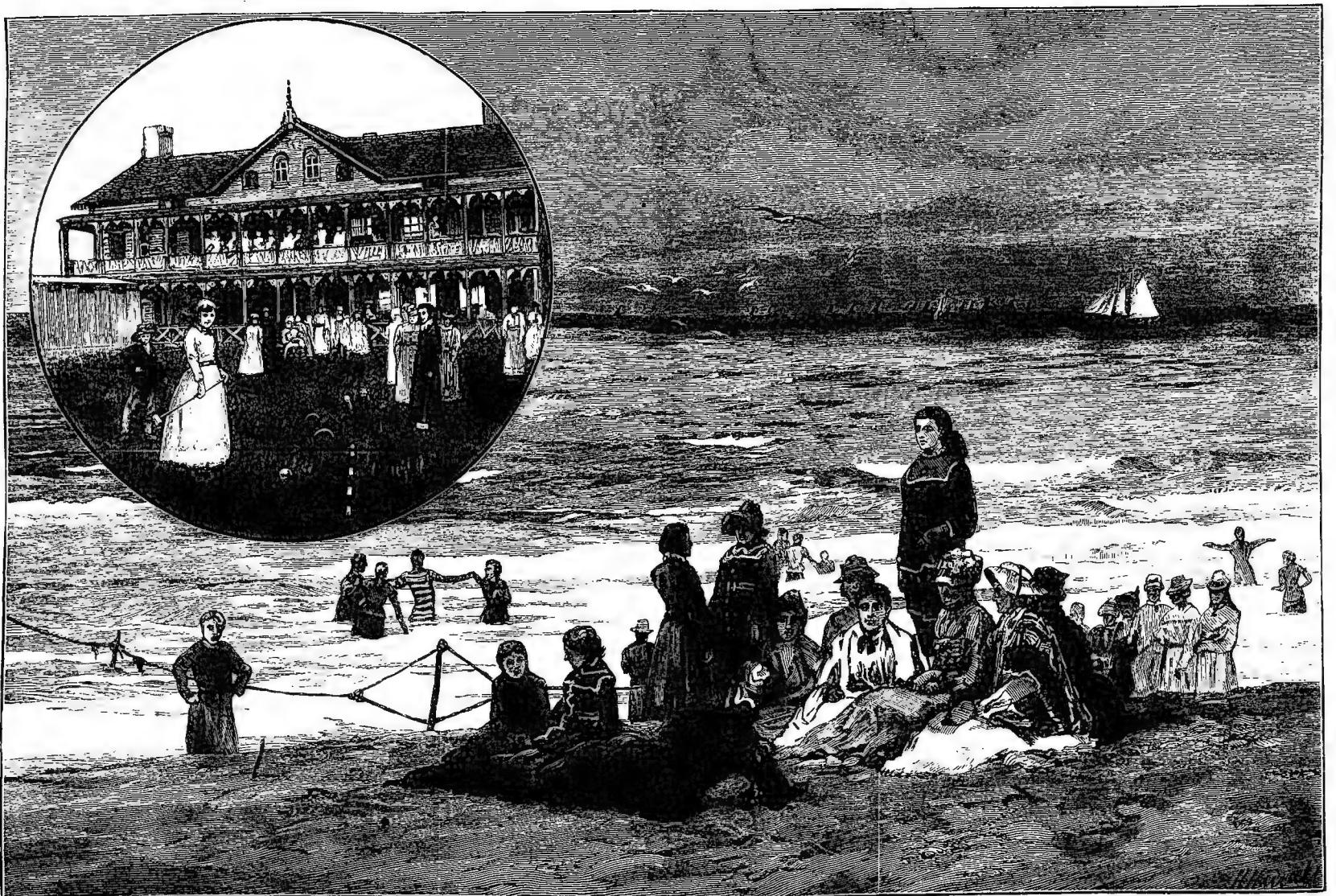


SEAL HUNTING OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND



THE CONCLUSION OF PEACE IN THE TRANSVAAL—MR. J. H. BRAND
PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE AND THE MEDIATOR BETWEEN THE
BRITISH GOVERNMENT AND THE BOERS

SEASHORE COTTAGE, ATLANTICVILLE, U.S.A.



BATHING ON MONMOUTH BEACH
AN AMERICAN SEASIDE HOME FOR WORKING WOMEN

distinguished in Roman law and jurisprudence. The Board recommend acceptance, and that the memorial should take the form of a prize.

A SECOND THREATENING LETTER has been received by Dr. Spark, the Leeds Borough Organist, for having played the Russian Hymn on the Town Hall organ. It purports to come from those who sent the first letter, and says that the carrying out of the threat was abandoned in consequence of the presence of detectives in the Hall.

"PROFESSOR" AND "MADAME" LILLY, who have been practising as physicians without diplomas, have been arrested at Wigan and sent to Bristol, where the warrants for their arrest were issued.

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY.—One William Jackson was on Saturday sentenced to five years' penal servitude for a series of jewel robberies on board a steamer plying between Bristol and Cork. He was arrested about nine months ago, and it is stated that since he has been in gaol his father has died leaving him a fortune of 20,000l.

A CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER at Witham, Essex, the other day committed suicide by drowning himself. At the inquest it was stated that his mind had become affected by many anonymous letters which he had received, saying that he had no friend in the parish except the schoolmistress, who "was equally proud and hated;" that the schoolmistress had confessed that she had herself written these letters; and that her evident object was to drive the deceased into her arms.

MR. AVORY, the Clerk of Arraignment at the Central Criminal Court, and Clerk of the various Courts in the Home Circuit, died on Tuesday, after an illness which for nearly a year had disabled him from attending to his duties. He was fifty-six years of age.

EXCHANGE AND ROBBERY.—Enterprising individuals of unscrupulous tendencies have for their selection so many unhedged fields in which to exercise their peculiar skill that it is scarcely necessary to state that the restricted paths of honesty have no attractions for them. And the worst of it is that honest folks are often made, of course, unwittingly to provide prey for rogues. As, for example, there are published in London more than one periodical the professed purpose of which is innocent enough. The publications in question offer themselves as mediums for exchange or barter. The principle of their scheme is that there are a great many people who are possessed of useful articles for which they have no use, and that an interchanging of such articles would be mutually profitable. The best evidence of the shrewdness of the idea is furnished by the fact that every week there are thousands who advertise in the said papers what they have got that they don't want, and what they would accept in lieu of it. Fairly enough, the proprietors of the papers make known that unless the negotiations are transacted through them they are not responsible; nevertheless the systematic swindler seems to be able to make a nice picking out of the guileless advertiser. In a case tried before the Common Serjeant last week a man was charged with obtaining goods in the manner indicated in twenty separate instances, and was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour, the Common Serjeant remarking that should these cases that came so frequently before him be continued he should think it his duty to represent the matter to the Home Secretary. But it is not easy to see how that would mend matters. What is required is to induce people to exercise common sense for the protection of their own interests, and that is a task that even Sir William Harcourt might despair of compassing.

A NEW NOTCH TO AN OLD SAW.—A venerable proverb instructs us that "time and tide wait for no man," but the peculiar method of management adopted on the Metropolitan Railway suggests that in future it should be amended, so as to make it "time, tide, and train." It would appear from the evidence of certain of the officials of the line in connection with a case of brutal assault recently committed on the railway in question, that nothing short of actual murder is regarded as justifiable ground for detaining a train at a station beyond the half minute or so ordinarily allowed. An elderly man with his wife were riding in a third-class carriage in the same compartment with five ruffianly fellows, whose language was so disgusting that the decent passenger ventured, for his wife's sake, to remonstrate with them, whereon, and without further provocation, they all set on him, and beat and kicked him in such an abominable way that he was lamed, and his face covered with blood. When the poor woman begged for mercy for her husband they turned and kicked her. Three passengers in other compartments of the same carriage fully corroborated the statement of the complainants. When the train arrived at a station the guard was called, but beyond suggesting that the gang of blackguards should leave the carriage (a course they declined to adopt), he in no way interfered. The gang went on to the next station, and all but one were permitted to walk off. Mr. Partridge, the magistrate, wished to know why means were not taken to stop them, to which the station inspector replied that "he could not keep the train waiting." Asked why, in that case, the officials at the next station were not communicated with by telegraph, the inspector replied "there was no time." "Supposing murder had been committed?" said Mr. Partridge. "Of course," replied Mr. Inspector, "we should stop everything or that." It is something to the purpose, at all events, that travellers by the Metropolitan District Railway now know where the officials draw the line. For wantonly cutting or damaging a carriage cushion the offender, if caught, is at once arrested and given into custody, but for cutting and maiming a fellow passenger to any extent short of manslaughter, the arrest of a scoundrel detected red-handed depends on there being time to spare for the purpose.

DOG STEALERS.—There is, it seems, to be yet one more Protective Association to add to the existing hundred or more for the better security of property against the increasing cunning of those who by no known means can be induced to keep their hands from picking and stealing. Judging from a recent letter in *The Times* on the subject, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Cavendish Square are at last exasperated beyond further endurance on account of the frequent and daring raids made by dog-stealers. The writer—a lady, who announces the formation of a Dog Owners' Protection Association—throws a light on the business, revealing how it is conducted, the system including "covered carts, highly-paid accomplices, and agents in every quarter of the globe." An equally grave feature of the lady's letter is that it more than insinuates that the trade of dog-stealing is no longer in the hands of the "petty vagrant," but that the large dog-dealers have taken up with it, and they, "having a reputation at stake, cannot run the risk of surrendering the animal, and so are impervious to the hope of reward while, being at present wholly out of danger of detection, they are still less moved by any fear of punishment. It is no doubt exceedingly annoying to be deprived of a beloved canine companion, be it collie, St. Bernard, spaniel, or "Ske," but one cannot help thinking that the promoters of the "Dog Owners' Protection Association" slightly magnify the necessity for such a safeguard. They may rest assured that there is no danger that in London dog-stealing will ever be made the basis for an organised conspiracy, including "covered carts" and highly-paid foreign agents. It is equally wide of the mark to imagine that dog-dealers generally are in league with the actual thieves. To make such a wholesale game worth the candle the robberies would need be fifty times more frequent than at present, and the animals ten times more valuable. Could the truth be ascertained, it would probably be found that the "trade" is pretty much as it ever was, the head of the dog-stealing league being Jerry Sneak, of Slum Street, Whitechapel, and his "foreign agent" is a sporting barber

in the New Cut, with convenient cellars beneath his business premises for the temporary stowage of dogs as yet unransomed.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE BOSH BUTTERMAN.—For the present, at all events, we must be content to resign ourselves to the tender mercy of the bosh butterman, and make no wry faces over the "oleomargarine," or whatever the sham composition may be termed, he finds it to his interest to make us swallow as a substitute for honest and wholesome dairy produce. To his credit Sir Herbert Maxwell brought the matter before the House of Commons, asking the Legislature to take such measures as shall insure, as far as possible, that such substitutes for butter as are harmless shall be sold under distinctive names, and that the sale of those that are hurtful and dangerous to health shall be prohibited altogether. As illustrating the importance of the question, it was shown that in nine months of the past year Glasgow alone cleared a million and a-half pounds of the stuff alluded to. Mr. Moore, another member, in seconding the motion, made known that "oleomargarine" wholesale was worth no more than fivepence halfpenny a pound, whereas the lowest price it was sold at, even in poor neighbourhoods, was one shilling a pound. Dr. L. Playfair, however, had something to say on the other side. So far from its being an evil, he regarded the introduction of oleomargarine as a good. It contained the same fats as those obtained from the cow—minus the aromatic fats which produced rancidity in bad butter, and, in Dr. Playfair's opinion, the sooner it supplanted bad butter the better. And no doubt the bosh butterman, as long as he can clear a profit of more than a hundred per cent. on the article, will agree with Dr. Playfair. But when we speak of "butter" we mean the genuine article, sound and marketable, and not that which is low-class and rancid. Is oleomargarine equal to good butter? Tastes differ. The President of the Board of Trade, at all events, seems to think so. He went further than Dr. Playfair, and declared that as far as wholesomeness was concerned, he saw no objection to sham butter that had a soapstone basis. "Soapstone," said Mr. Chamberlain, "is not in any way detrimental to health." In the end Sir Herbert Maxwell's motion was lost by 59 to 75. But after all said and done, it is an abominable thing that a foreign fat should be put off on poor and ignorant people under pretence that it is real butter, and at the price of butter, which means a profit of sixpence or eightpence per pound to the dealer.



FARMERS' EMBARRASMENTS.—A Sussex correspondent says: "With the kind assistance of my brother farmers I have been enabled to arrive at what the tenant farmers' burdens amount to as an equivalent upon wheat per quarter sent to market. In taking the past six years, for example, I find it varies from 10s. 9d. to 20s. 6d. per quarter, according to the seasons." Our correspondent asks whether British farmers are to be exterminated from the soil by unjust taxation, and the community left to the mercy of the foreigner for cheap food. We really do not know. The answer depends a good deal upon farmers themselves. Local taxation is an intricate subject, but it is one which not a few county members have mastered, and which they would readily press, if only they felt behind them the general and vigorous support of the tenant farming class.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE is at last being got under. Many areas have been declared free, and the total number of cases is diminishing rapidly. In the West of England the malady has almost entirely died out. A removal of the present restriction will be felt as a great relief, both by farmers and magistrates. The latter have had some very unpleasant work in relation to this outbreak, and heavy fines have had to be imposed in cases where no infraction of rules has been intended. Thus a Hertfordshire farmer the other day was fined 5l. for removing an animal, for although he had taken care to obtain a permit in his own district, he had not done so in the district into which his animal was taken.

BIRDS.—A great-crested grebe has been shot near Cockermouth, in Cumberland.—A very fine specimen of the wild swan has recently been shot in the North of Scotland.—The summer teal was first seen on the 24th of March, at Stonehouse, in Devon.—A great grey shrike has been taken at Chorley, Lancashire.—Swallows were seen in Staffordshire on March 22nd and 23rd.—The cuckoo is said to have been heard near Chester, and the wrenlock has been observed in Warwickshire, in Norfolk, and in Sussex.—The wheatear has been seen in Hampshire and also in Warwickshire.—The chaffinch was seen as early as March 16, at Beverley, in Yorkshire. At Christchurch, Hampshire, it was first observed on the 20th March.—Three convictions have already taken place under the Wild Birds' Protection Act.—A correspondent objects to the Act including seabirds which, he says, are already too numerous for the fishing interest.

A WOOD ON FIRE.—An extensive plantation near Pont-y-Pridd has been fired by a spark from a railway engine. Dry weather and strong wind soon developed a conflagration, and almost the entire plantation, covering a large hill, was destroyed. Lord Tredegar and Mr. Crawshaw are the principal sufferers by the fire.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE have voted that landlords should have power of distraint for two years, but not for a longer period. The same meeting agreed "that a branch of the National Providence League for the County of Lincoln be formed to advocate and make known the Rev. J. W. Blackley's scheme for National Insurance."

STRAWBERRY-GROWING is a branch of farm industry pursued in strangely different parts of the kingdom. West Kent is the first district; after which come Somerset, and parts of Perthshire, in Scotland. In Southern Hampshire the cultivation of strawberries is largely on the increase, and much untilled land might with profit be turned to this purpose. The sum of 100l. per acre will be made in special seasons, and for the finer sorts foreign competition is not greatly to be feared.

MAIN ROADS.—The very small majority against Mr. Harcourt will encourage him to keep the question of the Highway Act, 1878, well before the public. The amendment finally adopted by the House of Commons almost commits the Government to some legislative dealing with the subject. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice dislikes "begging from the Imperial revenue;" but the supporters of Mr. Harcourt do not beg—they claim as simple justice that main roads passing through certain districts, and generally more used for through than for district traffic, should be at least partially paid for out of general taxation. In the matter of highways, we are far behind France and the other great Continental nations.

MR. READ ON FARMING.—In the annual journal of the Newcastle Farmers' Club, just issued, Mr. C. S. Read says the occupiers of stiff arable lands in the Eastern Counties have lost half their substance in the past ten years. He thinks that it is not so much the prices of agricultural produce as the expenses that beat the farmer. Speaking of barley, Mr. Read tells us that bad quality rather than recent fiscal changes has caused the present price-depression. As, however, only a little further on, Mr. Read proceeds to

complain that sound barley has sometimes been sold of late for a guinea a quarter only, it would not appear as though he had made up his mind on the real cause of the depression.

THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.—The grouse are busy nesting, but are by no means forward. The drying winds and warm sun in the middle of the day seem to suit them, but the moors are extremely bare, and vegetation as yet can hardly be said to have made a start. Despite a great number of deaths during the awful weather period from the 18th January to the middle of March, a good supply of grouse is expected by keepers and others. The clucking of the cocks is to be heard on all sides, and some of the nests are already egged.

UNOCCUPIED FARMS.—Yielding to the instance of a private member, the Government, when sending out their usual inquiries next June, will endeavour to ascertain the number of vacant farms in the United Kingdom, together with their areas. Such a return will be of undoubted interest, and may be looked for about Michaelmas.

CATTLE FEEDING AND REARING.—In a recent lecture on this subject, Mr. Ashcroft dwelt very strongly on the harmfulness of mere theory. Each animal, he said, had a particular appetite. Let it have all it could eat of any staple food it cared for, and let it not have foods forced upon it. Breeding and rearing, where practicable, and not allowing animals to lose their young flesh, was recommended. To sell when animals were in best condition was advised rather than waiting for special markets. A succession of such crops as tares and cabbages, early rape, and turnips to fill awkward gaps in the summer, was considered to be of great importance to achieve successful feeding.

IRELAND.—The Order prohibiting English cattle entering Ireland has been extended to the end of April. The measure is approved by the Irish agricultural Press.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A DECIDED literary curiosity is "The Heptalogia; or, the Seven against Sense" (Chatto and Windus), which, although published anonymously, is said, on the authority of a contemporary, to be by no less a poet than Mr. Swinburne. It consists of seven extremely clever burlesques of living writers of verse,—the author himself amongst the number,—although, as might have been expected, this is not the happiest effort. But "John Jones," in which Mr. Browning's lighter style is burlesqued, or the imitation of "The Angel in the House," are as clever as they are funny, and all will furnish food for mirth. The severest satire is contained in "Last Words of a Seventh-rate Poet," reflecting on what was once called by a pungent review the "mild departures from the paths of literary probity" of a well-known writer rather addicted to enlivening his original work with unacknowledged quotations from the works of greater men. The little volume is worth buying to keep.

Mrs. H. R. Haweis has followed up her version of Chaucer for the young by a more advanced, though less ornate volume, entitled "Chaucer for Schools," intended as an introductory text book to the Canterbury Tales, and some of the minor pieces. Part of the original text is given, side by side with a modern metrical rendering, which, if not quite so bad as the atrocious parodies of Dryden, is not very successful; we cannot think that anybody of ordinary intelligence can need such assistance to understand the father of English poetry. The introductions, life, and chronological table are well done, and the book is on the whole one to be recommended to tutors.

"Foreshadowings," by Charles Rovin (Elliot Stock), may be recommended to those who are partial to the study of prophecy, and like it done into tolerable Spenserian verse; other people may find it just a trifle dull. The lyrics are distinctly original in construction.

It is difficult to guess why the author of "The Shakespeare Tapestry, Woven in Verse," by C. Hawkey (Blackwood), should have written his singularly uninteresting poem, unless it were to show his command over sundry lyric measures; if this was his object he must be warned against the proverbial "fatal facility" of the octosyllabic verse which he does not write quite so well as Scott. He is much happier in ballad metre, and one verse, "Now may the trampled lilies," is almost as good as some by Macaulay. The story tells how two young ladies, in the reign of James I., who lived at Clovelly, worked scenes from Shakespeare into tapestry, each of which is described at length, while their family history is enlarged upon, but is not enthralling. *Apud* of the notes, we may remark that the *true* saying about the nightingale is that it never sings "north of Trent or west of Truro;" but the author is very likely right when he claims its presence for other parts of Cornwall, as a friend of our own has heard it in Penzance.

The author of "Gondalene's Lesson, and Other Poems," by Mrs. Bloomfield Moore (C. Kegan Paul), is an American lady, who would seem to have gained a reputation in her native country which will hardly attend her here. The verses are those of a pious and delicate soul, but not of a great poet; the rhythm is often very faulty, and there is but little trace of original thought. Occasionally, too, the imagery is defective, as when lost spirits are represented as pacing through meads of asphodel, a flower which is commonly associated with Paradise,—the obvious rhyme was "hell," but perhaps Mrs. Bloomfield Moore feared to shock her readers. About the best piece is "The Magdalene," which has some pleasant echoes of Mrs. Browning.

"Poems, by Sir Samuel Ferguson" (Dublin, M'Gee & London, Bell), prove that there is at least one cultured Irishman who, instead of trying to make history of an unpleasant kind, seeks to popularise the semi-mythical history of his country. The task is a hard one; Boileau laughs at the poet, *qui de tant de héros va choisir Childebrand*; and the outlandishness of most Gaelic names has no doubt helped to keep the Gaelic epic comparatively unknown. It had not, what the Cymric form of it had, the advantage of being modernised by the *trouvères*; and what renders it valuable to the student is of a nature to embarrass the versifier and to deter the general reader. Despite all difficulties, Sir S. Ferguson has rendered several of the old Irish legends in a very spirited way. "Fergus Wrymouth" (a weird myth from the Brehon law-book), and "Conary," "The Naming of Cuchullin" rises, as befits the subject, to epic grandeur. The volume contains also a number of modern ballads, worthy of him who wrote "The Forging of the Anchor." "The Widow's Cloak," perhaps inspired by one of those pictures which show the whole earth sheltered under the Virgin's mantle, is enthusiastically loyal. These are timely lines just now:

Victoria's sheltering mantle is over India spread;
Who dares to touch the garment's hem look out for men in red;
Look out for gun and tumbrel a-crash through mound and hedge,
For shot and shell and Sheffield shear-steel, point and edge.

"The Hymn of the Fishermen" we wish we had space to quote. This is not Sir Samuel's first essay; we hope some time to see his "Congal" and other "Lays of the Western Gael," republished along with the legends in this volume and such others as are wanting to complete the Cuchullin cycle. We wish some Irish poet would take the Fenian legend, in which Fion stands for the Arthur of romance, Graine is the antitype of Guinevere, and Diarmid of the Beauty Spot represents Lancelot, and do for it what Tennyson has done for the Arthurian legend. But so few Irishmen of culture care for the early literature of their island.

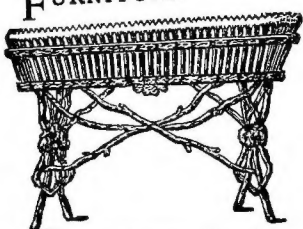
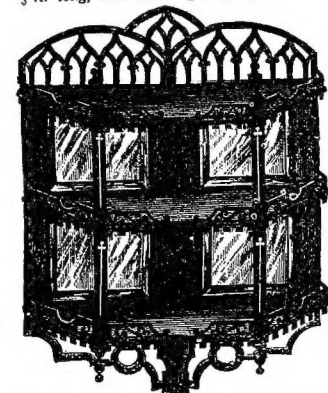
APRIL 9, 1881

CARPETS
CARPETS
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CARPETSDwarf Sutherland or Small
5 o'clock Tea Table.

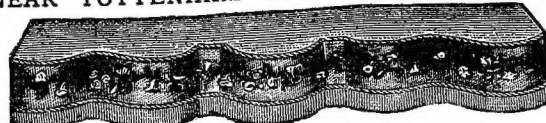
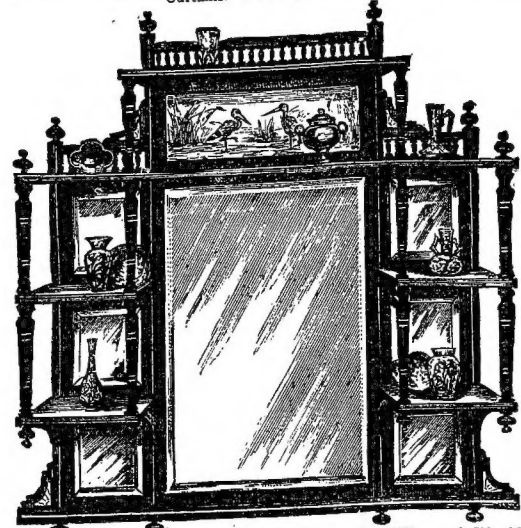
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or Ebonized ditto, measures
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3 ft. long, 2 ft. 8 in. high, 13s. 9d.Handsome Chippendale Bracket,
With four bevelled plates, 32 in. high, 20 in.
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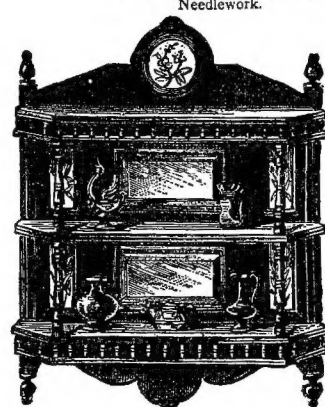
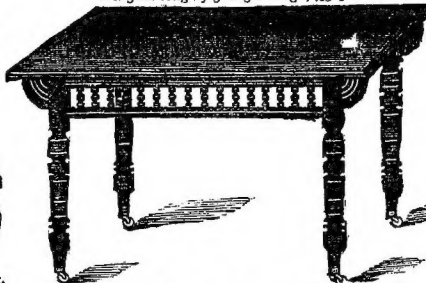
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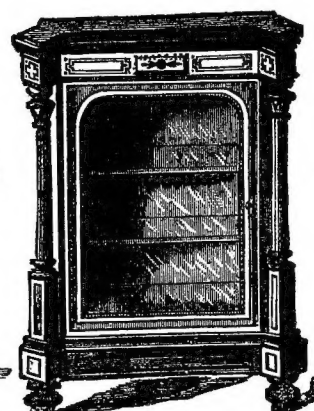
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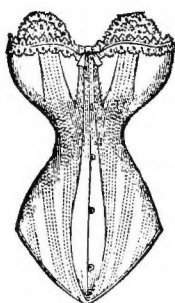
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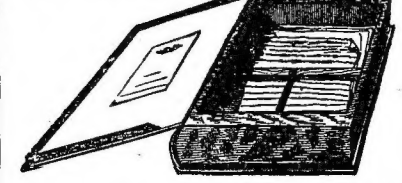


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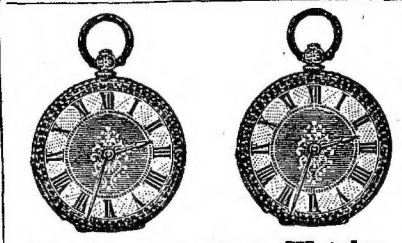
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